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THE NATION

OCTOBER 8, 1977 60 cents

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Dodging the Spooks

AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST IN PRAGUE *Charles Sawyer*

NO MORE NUKES!
People on the March Again

RESISTANCE NEARS A CRITICAL MASS
Harvey Wasserman

FRANCE KILLS ITS FIRST PROTESTER
Anna Gyorgy

THE FAULT AT DIABLO CANYON
T.W. Speers & Paula von Loewenfeldt

Jack Beatty / Poor People's Movements

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EDITORIALS

Whistling Dixie

The sinking of the good ship Lance has produced even more interesting patterns of turbulence than did its actual passage through the straits of the Potomac. Those whorls and bubbles tell a good deal about the true course of President Carter's ship of state. They reveal, for instance, that Carter means to keep her steady as she goes on a very conservative heading. Bert Lance was hardly back home (talking with embarrassing fervor of his pride in the country, his neighbors, the President, the job he did in Washington, etc.) before a group of powerful corporate chieftains were sitting down with Carter in the White House. They were summoned there to be reassured that the departure of Lance meant no veering to port.

After the chairman of du Pont, Irving Shapiro, and the chairman of General Electric, Reginald Jones, had "lamented" (according to the Associated Press) their loss of Lance as "a conduit through which we could reach the President," they got their reassurances from Carter. The conduit would henceforth, he told them, consist of Secretary of the Treasury Blumenthal and Secretary of Commerce Kreps. All channels between Big Business and the Presidency would be open, even in the absence of "ambassador" Lance, and the two-way communication would be about "business confidence," on the one hand, and "fiscal responsibility" on the other.

Naturally, this being too good an opportunity for the corporate leaders to miss, they gave the government a little lecture on what those notions mean to them and their allies. Emerging from the White House meeting, Shapiro did not flinch from releasing a previously prepared statement expressing "distrust of government economic policies." (Carter turned the other cheek to that one—what else could he do as he begged for business confidence?)

Shapiro went on quite specifically to lay down the law to the President. He defined this country's "basic growth rate" as "in the neighborhood of 3.5 percent"; the 5 percent the administration has claimed as a goal would, he said, "be certain" to bring on inflation and a new recession. He declared that Carter himself was "supportive" of his (Shapiro's) rather insulting view that "no one is smart enough to turn the economy on and off, short-term, and make it work." (Obviously, that stricture does not apply to the money-supply switches manned by that old favorite of business, Arthur Burns of the Federal Reserve.)

It must be said for the newly appointed "ambassador" to the country's board rooms and counting houses, Michael Blumenthal, that he begged to differ with du Pont, at least on the proper level of the growth rate. The Secretary of the Treasury dared to tell the press, right after Shapiro had said that Carter generally agreed with him about inflation and recession, that "we are aiming at 5 percent real growth and do not think that would be inflationary." Perhaps Blumenthal felt that he could get away with this because, as a former professor of economics (who later went straight and became head of Bendix at a half-million dollars a year), he knew his views would not be taken seriously. It's an odd fact, probably without any but coincidental significance, that Blumenthal's fellow emissary to Big Business, Secretary of Commerce Kreps, is also an ex-professor of economics.

The rest of the litany from the corporate world was so familiar it is barely worth mentioning: the President should make some speeches praising the economy and its strengths; the proposed tax cuts should contain more breaks for "business itself," as against "the individual investor," and so on. The session with the President was apparently a love feast with a very predictable menu. The remarkable, and distressing, fact is that Carter felt it necessary to subject himself to this patronizing treatment by the business world just because his friend Lance had been forced out after it became widely known that he was an overextended, bungling, corner-cutting country banker with not the slightest qualification for an important job in the federal government.

Of course, Carter does not see Bert Lance in those terms, and that is also disturbing. The President still seems to look on his friend as the hapless victim of a system he never made (though for a long time he made out in it very well). There is not the slightest sign from the White House of concern over a banking system that can smile so mindlessly on a Bert Lance playing the pyramid game. There has been no expression of interest in Senator Proxmire's proposal to end what he calls the "competition in regulatory laxity" by combining in one office the functions of the three agencies that are supposed to control the country's banking system. The famous "revolving door" that shuttles regulators and regulatees back and forth from the public to the private sector spins wildly in the banking world, but the "why not the best" principles seem not to apply.

Much sympathy has been expressed in the press for the "anguish" Carter is said to have suffered over the downfall of his friend. He has been praised for allowing Lance the chance to "clear himself" before the Senate. The sneers at White House ineptitude that have accompanied these sentiments tend to get lost in admiration of Carter's loyalty to his friend.

It would be better, in the long-run interests of his Presidency, to make quite a harsh and unsympathetic judgment of Carter's behavior in re Lance, from hasty start to slow finish. He made a mistake, and a serious one, in appointing his friend to high office. He compounded that error in every possible way for eleven weeks. The best hope would be that he could face those facts and draw the appropriate conclusions from them about men and the institutions of government. The corporate charade in the White House after Lance left is no proof that the President has learned anything yet from this painful experience.

The Bakke Conundrum

The Nation was founded in 1865, partly to argue in the public forum for fair and nondiscriminating treatment of the slaves who had been freed at last in the war just concluded. As E.L. Godkin and his distinguished colleagues wrote in the Prospectus for this journal, it was

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"a matter of vital interest to the nation at large" that there be removed "all artificial distinctions between them and the rest of the population, and the securing to them, as far as education and justice can do it, of an equal chance in the race of life."

We cite these words, in connection with the Bakke case now before the Supreme Court, not because they offer a clear and simple formula for dealing with the causes and effects of discrimination, and with ways of removing them from our national life, but to remind ourselves of the complexities and ambiguities that attend this effort. Those words, noble in intention, can be read in as many ways as the arguments that will be made before the Court in Washington on October 12.

In 1865 there was no easy way to accomplish the ends sought in the Prospectus. In 1977, with the issue couched in terms like "reverse discrimination," it is no easier to map the best road toward justice and equality for all Americans. But neither the Court nor the rest of us can use the evident difficulty of resolving the Bakke case, and the troubling questions that lie back of it, as an excuse for not making a great effort to do so.

It is commonly predicted that the Supreme Court, some time next year, will find "narrow" grounds for dealing with Bakke. That is, the Court will find a way to uphold the "equal protection" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment without ruling that all efforts to improve the lot of disadvantaged groups are unconstitutional. It is risky to guess what these nine men will do but, despite the disheartening record of the Burger Court on matters of individual rights, we are entitled to hope that its decision in the Bakke case will not work to cripple a belated national attempt to diminish the inequalities of opportunity which still work against the interests of the minorities—not to mention one majority, the women of the United States.

The distinctions, legal and logical, in the Bakke case, and in the whole matter of "affirmative action" where desirable posts are in limited supply, are of the sort that made medieval theologians debate the number of angels who could occupy a small space. The principal bone of contention is the alleged difference between an aim and a device—a "goal" or a "quota." The latter, with its overtones of the *numerus clausus* that for centuries limited the access of European Jews to higher education, is unacceptable. But it is generally considered morally and legally acceptable to aim for higher proportions of minorities in a given field of activity as long as that purpose is not expressed in the fixed numbers or percentages of quotas.

Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall, who has worked hard to change the original restrictive Department of Justice brief in the Bakke case in what must be called a "liberal" way, has made as good a distinction as any between these fine points. "A goal," he says, "means that you make an effort to find people who meet the requirements you have. If you can't find them, you don't do it. Your defense is whether or not you made the effort to find people and whether or not they were actually available." (Judging the question on the basis of honest "effort" obviously requires considerable intervention by the government, but that is inevitable and even

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essential.) On the other hand, says Secretary Marshall, "a quota means that, regardless of what happens, you have X number of people. If you are not able to find people who are qualified, you fill the positions anyway."

Behind the dry distinctions and legal abstractions there are millions of actual persons, more or less advantaged or disadvantaged by the way the system works. Those who are at a disadvantage in what Godkin called "the race of life" will expect that the Supreme Court's decision in the Bakke case, whether broad or narrow, will not perpetuate the obstacles in the way of their advancement toward a better life. If their expectations are obscured, they will continue to fight for equality, both legal and actual. Most Americans, we believe, will share with them that goal. It is the only just way to feel and to act.

Rizzo Lives

Mayor Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia, having clung to power last year thanks to a legal technicality of the sort he usually decries in tirades against "lenient judges" (the Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruled that a recall election which would have ousted Rizzo violated the state constitution), has faded from the front pages in recent months. Following a series of scandals and political blunders, his popularity in Philadelphia has dwindled to the vanishing point (and is not apt to be improved by his current appeals to Prime Minister Callaghan to have the Concorde rerouted into Philadelphia). The lopsided defeat of his two hand-picked candidates in primary elections this year embarrassed him enough to force his withdrawal from the 1978 gubernatorial race. And mercifully, the wave of law-and-order mayors that was predicted after his election has not materialized around the country.

But it is good to be reminded on occasion that Rizzo still rules the City of Brotherly Love, and that he is the same man who once proclaimed that as Mayor he would ". . . make Attila the Hun look like a faggot." A news dispatch last month revealed that the U.S. Attorney in Philadelphia is investigating charges of "widespread brutality" by the police. Six indictments of policemen have been handed down already, and a dozen more are expected. Three were for the beating of an Hispanic man in his home by a trio of cops, a common occurrence, according to the critics of the police. The Philadelphia police force is widely thought to include some of the most violent and racist cops in the country—and they have support from on high.

Mayor Rizzo, as might be expected, is not a great booster of the investigation. In fact, according to federal officials involved, his "defensive attitude" has impeded it. Rizzo's statements on the case invariably heap praise on Philadelphia's finest. His crony, Police Commissioner Joseph O'Neill, reacted to the indictments by making an abstract condemnation of "wrongdoing" and then stating that "Police personnel are not punching bags and will not be the subject of physical abuse on the part of anyone." To that the U.S. Attorney, David Marston, replied correctly: "As long as there is an atmosphere where the top responsible officials are not even conceding there may be a problem, we're going to have a very serious problem."

Frank Rizzo, a former police commissioner himself, boasted after his election as Mayor, "I will always be a cop." The sad fact is that he kept his word. He still sees himself as the guardian angel of the police, and will never be Mayor of all Philadelphians. But may we ask why Rizzo and his Huns in blue seem so determined to be *bad* cops to boot?

Reason Totters

These days the morning newspaper can put your brain in a whirl from which it will hardly have recovered before it's time to turn on the seven o'clock evening news. We refer not to the big news—people killing each other on some distant frontier, Congress offering the President the back of its hand, a dam break here, an oil spill there, a mass murder in some bedroom community—but smaller bits of intelligence buried among the department store ads. Items from *The New York Times* of September 27:

¶ In July it was discovered that a widely used pesticide, called DBCP because its chemical name is quite unpronounceable, causes sterility in men. That being so, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, along with the Food and Drug Administration, announced an emergency program to "restrict" the use of the product. But now comes Robert K. Phillips, executive secretary of the National Peach Council, to suggest that the government agencies are "over-reacting," that indeed the side effects of DBCP may be a blessing in disguise.

"There are many people now paying to have themselves sterilized," says Phillips, and jobs involving contact with the substance might well be jumped at by men who because of their age have abandoned hope of further progeny, or who, though eager to limit their brood, have religious scruples against birth control or hesitate to undergo a vasectomy. DBCP has also been spotted as a carcinogen, but this will probably not deter the older gents from sprinkling themselves with the stuff, since cancer is a slow-moving enemy, and they can count on being knocked off by a heart attack or a drunken driver before the crab bites.

¶ On the Op Ed page Paul Bracken offers a bleak report on the overuse of the Grand Canyon (30,000 visitors a day in the peak season) in which he notes that the National Park Service is considering desperate remedies to preserve this natural marvel from the erosion of innumerable feet and the serpentine crawl of traffic jams. One hopeful remedy is to keep the visitors off the threatened terrain entirely by bundling them into helicopters and flying them above the great chasm on a half-hour panoramic view. That won't satisfy backpackers, of course, but for them computer-controlled schedules are being devised—perhaps along trails surfaced with a composite plastic that resists wear better than mother earth, but "simulates" her texture.

¶ Finally, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare announces a set of new standards that will over the next several years reduce the number of excess beds in the nation's hospitals. That is a sound move, presumably, to curb the empire-building zeal of the "health industry," but the story also reports that henceforth hos-

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pitals would be required to maintain a minimum 80 percent occupancy. If that is not to be interpreted as a statistical average, a healthy citizen venturing near a hospital that found itself shy of the requisite number of invalids might run the danger of being shanghaied for a quick appendectomy.

There was also a photograph of the beaming Bert Lance enjoying a farewell ride in the Executive Office Building elevator, and we noted that the Comptroller of the Currency, whose agency had criticized Lance for "unsafe and unsound" banking practices, told a Senate committee that his "unique talents" made the Georgia swinger eminently hirable by a bank. There may have been more giddy tidbits in the issue, but enough is enough. We stuck the *Times* behind the toaster and addressed ourselves to the sanity of coffee and a three-minute egg.

Once Over Lightly

All signals are go-go for the President's eleven-day, four-continent, eight-country, 24,000-mile trip abroad in late November. This incredible jaunt was announced right after his friend Bert Lance decided to take a shorter trip, back to Georgia. The coincidence reminded people of the travel brochures' "get away from it all" advertisements, but it will be a bit late for that; the pain of the parting will have faded.

It is impossible to make any sense out of the Carter trip, except that cheering crowds abroad always raise a President's standing in the polls at home. His man Brzezinski says the journey is all about "constructive change" in the world (are rapid tiresome changes constructive or destructive?). Operation Jet Lag is a parody of Presidential diplomacy. It should be scrubbed.

DODGING THE SPOOKS

An American Journalist in Prague

CHARLES SAWYER

This is the story of an American journalist who went to Czechoslovakia earlier this year—for the purpose, as stated on his visa application, of writing a political article on that country—and how instead of investigating the state of affairs in that country he became himself an object of investigation.

The visa had come through in a matter of three weeks—quick work when dealing with an Eastern European country—and was granted without restriction. Why I had so little trouble when others had so much is a puzzle made the more baffling by my experience once I reached Prague. Tad Szulc, a Washington-based journalist noted for his coverage of Eastern Europe, was denied a passport in 1976, and three months before I applied, Paul Hofmann of *The New York Times*'s Vienna bureau had waited six months for a visa admitting him for seven days. Of course, the Czech authorities knew Szulc and Hofmann, and they didn't know me. Nevertheless, considering the tense situation in Prague, where the regime was steadily repressing the human rights movement known as "Charter 77," I was surprised that I met with no passport obstacles.

Hofmann's daily dispatches from Prague to the *Times* had sketched a grim picture of repression by the secret police and as he left Czechoslovakia at the end of his week he was detained at the border and his notes were confiscated. Two French journalists had been held for three days as they left the country and two others were tear-gassed when they attempted to see Charter 77 spokesman, Jiri Hujek, who was under house arrest. So I arrived in Prague fearing the worst.

I reported to the Press Center for Foreign Journalists where I was accredited and issued a press card. The director assured me full cooperation in filling my requests for interviews with officials "in the cultural sphere," including the First Secretary of the Writers' Union and a representative from the Ministry of Culture. No mention was made of Charter 77 and I declared my intention to ask some political questions during my interviews.

The Manifesto of Charter 77, accusing the government of violating Czech laws guaranteeing human rights, was signed by 240 Czechs. The regime reacted with a press campaign vilifying the best-known signatories; four people were imprisoned, three others placed under house arrest; virtually all who signed the Manifesto were interrogated; many had their driver's licenses revoked, and many were sacked from their jobs for "anti-state activities." Despite these reprisals, another 350 people added their signatures in the weeks following the crackdown. The chief prosecutor declared the Manifesto an anti-state document and signing it a criminal offense. His ruling is a paradigm of Orwellian double-think: Czech citizens are guaranteed the right to petition their government, but are prohibited by law from defaming the reputation of the country. Czechoslovak officials cited the publication of the Manifesto in the Western press as evidence supporting the charge of defamation.

For several days I took every precaution not to attract the attention of the secret police, avoiding any contact with prominent dissidents who might be under surveillance.

In my hotel room I set up my amateur counter-spy devices, intended to determine if my belongings had been

Charles Sawyer, a Boston-based writer and photographer, traveled to Prague in March 1977, on assignment for Harper's.

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disturbed. With a needle I ran a fine thread through a stack of clothing in my luggage; if my clothes were rifled, the thread would slip out of the pile—or so I thought. I discovered to my chagrin that I had managed only to put my clothes in a hopeless tangle of thread. Inspector Clouseau wouldn't be more hopeless.

Not until I had paid a courtesy call at the American Embassy did I notice any signs that the secret police were watching me. From the embassy, I went to the apartment of a lawyer who had been fired from his job as legal consultant to a construction firm after he signed the Charter Manifesto. As I entered the building, a man fell in behind me and followed me up the stairs. On the landing of the apartment, I dawdled to let him pass, but he, too, slowed his pace. I turned to look at him; he stood on the stairs fumbling with his briefcase. I noted his general appearance, then rang the bell.

When I left the building three hours later, I spotted the man from the stairway standing with two other men in the street; one, facing my direction, was chubby, balding and wore a brown leather jacket. I started across Charles Bridge, the medieval foot bridge that spans the Vltava. On the west bank, I headed toward the Old Town Square. Just beyond a short dogleg, I ducked into a shop, glancing over my shoulder. Nothing. As I stepped back on the street a few minutes later I thought I glimpsed the chubby one turning his back. At the square, I stalled and noticed a man with a camera and a very long telephoto lens pointing in my general direction. So what, I asked myself? He could have been a tourist. I meandered back to my hotel.

After two hours I was convinced my imagination had been playing tricks and I went out to find a phone booth. Passing out the revolving door, I saw the chubby one standing immediately across from the hotel. There was no mistake. I never before had the experience of being pursued and it made my heart pound. I thought of nothing besides losing the man who followed me. Emerging from an arcade I came upon a trolley car, its open doors an invitation. I hopped on. As the trolley pulled away I looked back toward the arcade where I saw the chubby one hanging back, just in sight.

Three stops later I left the trolley and began strolling down a side street, feeling a little giddy but smug. Suddenly I was overtaken by a panting, uniformed policeman who demanded to see my documents. For five minutes he stood, hands trembling, silently making notes from my passport and press card. Then he saluted and disappeared.

At the beginning of my second week in Prague, I changed hotels. After a few days I dropped by the first hotel and asked whether there were any messages for me. "I have recently changed hotels," I explained to the clerk. "I know. . . . Be careful," the clerk said, with a smile and walked away to attend to other business.

Ten days of unobtrusive leg work began to produce results when intermediaries arranged a meeting with dissident friends of a jailed poet whose imprisonment had been an important factor in establishing a coalition of unprecedented breadth around the single nonpolitical issue of cultural freedom. This coalition formed the basis of Charter 77. The meeting was to take place in a Prague apartment near Old Town Square. Early on the agreed-upon day I noticed that I was again being shadowed. (Probably I was intended to spot my follower; the authorities were not out to "catch" me, but to dissuade me.) I walked ever more circuitous routes through the labyrinth of narrow Prague streets without managing to shake my pursuers. So I went back to the hotel and there worked out on a map the most devious possible route to my rendezvous. The hotel had two exits and I hoped the police might not cover them both, but when I stepped into the crowd flowing past the doorway, a man leaning against the opposite wall began following me. Three times I thought I had got away, only to have him bob up a few paces behind me. At last I telephoned ahead, explaining the problem in oblique language. I was told in equally oblique language that my destination was also under surveillance. We canceled the meeting.

The following morning, I brought the Press Center a letter protesting that an accredited journalist should not be subject to police surveillance. The director invited me to join him for coffee. At first he suggested I was imagining things, but when I described the circumstances he agreed that probably I *was* followed.

"You have your American colleagues to thank for that," he said, bluntly. "They have come here recently pretending to be real journalists when their actual purpose was to meet with certain domestic enemies and take materials from them to the West." He cited the correspondent for *The New York Times* as an example.

My reply was equally blunt. "As an outsider, it is difficult for me to know who might be a domestic enemy," I said. "Can you give me any guidelines, or perhaps even a list of names so that I might know when I am talking to a domestic enemy?"

"They are people who are under investigation for certain criminal activities. Some of them have also signed the so-called Charter 77." This was the first mention of the Charter in any of my conversations with Czechoslovak officials.

"Is the criminal activity under investigation specifically the signing of the Charter?" I asked. "No. Anyone can sign anything in Czechoslovakia; it is perfectly legal to sign. But the investigation may reveal if there is any connection between these criminal activities and the Charter itself."

By choosing for house arrest—from among the wide diversity of politicians, professionals and literati who signed the Manifesto—three former leading officials of the Dubcek era, the regime of President Gustav Husak showed its jittery insecurity that a new Prague Spring was in the making, that 1968 might repeat itself. The three men sequestered from contact with foreigners were: Jiri Hujek, Foreign Minister under Dubcek; Frantisek Kriegel, one of a handful of top officials, including Dubcek, who were kidnapped by the Soviets and flown out of the country in the first days of the 1968 occupation, and Zdenek Mlynar, a Moscow-trained lawyer who took over temporary leadership of the Communist Party while Dubcek and his colleagues were in Moscow's custody. All three were allowed to move around Prague, but

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everywhere they were accompanied by at least two *fizls* (slang for the plainclothes agents of the secret police). Hujek, an enthusiastic jogger despite his advanced age, was prevented from taking his daily exercise until he gave his word that he would not jog down any one-way streets the wrong way. Thereafter, he could again be seen jogging through his suburban neighborhood, a black Tatra 603 sedan slowly cruising behind.

Of these three, the one I most wanted to meet was Kriegel, a man who had witnessed some important global action in his long career. A physician by training, he was in the Medical Corps of an International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, served (with the approval of the Comintern) with Chiang Kai-shek in World War II, was Deputy Minister of Health in the first Communist regime in Czechoslovakia, was forced out of political life in the purge of the early 1950s and returned to politics in the early 1960s as medical adviser to the new Cuban Government. In August 1968, when the Soviet troops invaded Czechoslovakia, he was a member of the presidium under Dubcek, and went with him to Moscow, where Dubcek and his colleagues agreed to accept narrow guidelines for their policies if they were allowed to remain in office. Kriegel refused to sign these Moscow Protocols and the Soviets attempted to keep him in custody on the pretext that, since his birthplace in Polish Galicia had been annexed to the Soviet Union, he was really a Soviet citizen. Dubcek refused to leave without Kriegel, the Soviets relented, and Kriegel returned to Prague with his fellow countrymen/hostages.

I made inquiries and was told that if anyone could arrange a meeting with Kriegel, it would be V. I met V., who quickly offered his help, and we made a plan. On weekends, Kriegel regularly visits an old political crony thirty minutes by train from Prague. The *fizls* accompany him and remain on the pavement at the friend's gate while the two visit. If I were already inside when Kriegel arrived and left after him, the *fizls* would be none the wiser, barring hidden microphones.

During one meeting I had with V. at a Prague café, we were joined by Irina Dubska, wife of Zdenek Mlynar, one of the two others under house arrest. "You want to meet Kriegel, eh?" she said in a skeptical tone. "Well it is very dangerous. A Spanish journalist came to see my husband last weekend. Somehow he got past the guard at the street and made it to my door. We were talking on the threshold when the *fizls* came to stop us. As they took him away he said, 'Don't worry about me. I was years in Franco's jails. Yours can't be any worse.' They expelled him from the country after holding him for ten hours. It's very risky what you are planning."

"Don't let her alarm you," V. said reassuringly. "The longest they've held a foreign journalist here in recent years is three weeks. He was an Italian journalist who was a material witness in a case against Milan Hüebal, former rector of the Communist Party School. Hüebal used the journalist as a courier to take a letter out to a leading *émigré* in Rome. Hüebal got five years in prison."

Alas, Kriegel was willing but unable, for strictly practical reasons, to cooperate in the time remaining before my visa expired. Meanwhile, others had approached Hujek to see if he would meet me. Hujek suggested that I come to his house between 10 and 11 in the morning, when he would be working in his garden. We could talk across the fence until the police interfered.

Walking the three blocks from the end of the trolley line to Hujek's suburban cottage, I thought about the two French journalists who had been Maced by the police six weeks before for trying exactly what I was doing. I set my attitude in advance and resolved to keep it. I would be polite, even friendly, and would offer no resistance. If the police were determined not to let me talk to Hujek, no determination on my part would overcome theirs; it would merely get me into trouble. So I would be a gentleman, come what might.

As I turned into Kosatcova Street, I remembered a familiar sight from my childhood—the baseball fan who leaps the fence at Fenway Park and charges onto the outfield toward Ted Williams. The crowd watches, amused and indulgent, knowing that the cops will come and take him away, but not before he has met the star face to face and shaken hands with him, which thrill he pays for by expulsion from the park and maybe a night in jail. I watched myself with the same amused and indulgent eye. But what, I wondered, does one say to the star when one meets him?

Down the street, I saw a uniformed policeman beside a black Tatra. At Hujek's gate, I paused and seeing him nowhere in sight, I rang the bell. Hujek and the policeman converged at the gate.

"As you must know, I'm not allowed to speak with foreigners," said the Charter 77 spokesman. "You must go with this man but don't be afraid. You're not obliged to answer any questions; insist on your right to contact your embassy."

In the Tatra sedan sat two men, in civilian clothes and looking more like garage mechanics than agents of the secret police. They were jolly and I smiled at them. One raised a camera at me; and I showed my teeth and gave a hand gesture like a circus performer after a stunt. He clicked my photo and I took my Leica from my pocket making ready to return the attention. "No, no," he gestured and I put my camera away. The uniformed policeman, after conferring by radio, took me in another sedan to a regional police station. It was no medieval dungeon but rather three or four clean, antiseptic, well-lit rooms of tile and steel nestled among some shops in a modern shopping center. Still, I was under lock and key.

The officer in charge took my passport and press card, offered me a seat and disappeared. It is Good Friday, I thought, and Monday is a national holiday; it will be Tuesday afternoon before anyone will be available to authorize my release. I glanced at the photograph of President Gustav Husak on the wall. I remembered that during the Stalinist years, he himself was in a Czechoslovak prison for five years, that his name means "gander" in Slovak and that his prison job was stuffing pillows with goose down. I took out *Humboldt's Gift* and plunged into Saul Bellow's Chicago, hoping I wouldn't finish before Tuesday. But after forty minutes, my documents were returned and I was shown the door. I was relieved and also, I confess, a trifle disappointed.

This final episode reflects as much on journalism as it does on Czech politics. It convinced me again that jour-

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nalists play a large hand in shaping the events they report on. If I had adopted an attitude different from the one I chose, I believe I, too, could have been Maced. Either way the objective situation would be the same: a former Czech Cabinet Minister, now a spokesman for a human rights movement, is prevented from speaking with a foreign journalist by a frightened, insecure political regime that remains in power only because Moscow approves. It also occurred to me that, mild as was my clash with the secret police, if the wire services had the item, it would probably be considered newsworthy: "Today in Prague agents of the state security police took an American journalist into custody. He was seized by the police when he tried to visit Jiri Hujek, former Foreign Minister in the government of Alexander Dubcek, the leader of the Czechoslovak move for autonomy put down by Soviet troops in 1968. Hujek is a spokesman for the Charter 77 Human Rights Movement and has been under house arrest since mid-March. The journalist was released later in the day." □

NO MORE NUKES!

Resistance Nears a Critical Mass

HARVEY WASSERMAN

Montague, Mass.

On August 7, a black, helium-filled balloon floated into the wind and rain above the proposed nuclear plant site in this small Connecticut Valley town. Soaring eastward, the balloon crossed Massachusetts and came down six hours later near a fishing boat 6 miles at sea off Rockport, more than 90 miles from Montague.

Fishermen pulled the balloon out of the ocean and mailed an attached postcard to the Alternative Energy Coalition at Greenfield. "This balloon symbolizes radiation," it read. "Releases of small amounts of radioactive material from nuclear facilities are routine. Did you realize they came this far?"

With that balloon and thousands of others—many of which traveled as far and farther, literally blanketing the nation with symbolic radiation—anti-nuclear activists at more than 100 sites commemorated the thirty-second anniversary of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Their rallies, film showings and civil disobedience actions also resulted in more than 150 arrests and marked the first visible evidence that the grass-roots anti-nuclear movement has become national in scope and potentially as powerful as any single-issue movement in many years.

The Hiroshima-Nagasaki demonstrations were particularly impressive because they rose without a central organization. "The word went out that people were going to do something August 6 to 9," says Robin Read, a member of New England's Clamshell Alliance. "Everybody who was thinking about doing something against a local nuclear power plant decided to do it then. Next thing we heard, there were a hundred different actions. We still don't know where they all were."

Two of the most visible were at San Luis Obispo, Calif. and Rainier, Ore. At the former, members of the newly formed Abalone Alliance attempted to march onto the site of the almost completed Diablo Canyon plant (see accompanying story). In Oregon, the Trojan Decommissioning Alliance (TDA) chose the 1,130-megawatt Trojan reactor—the nation's largest—for the movement's first attempt to shut down an operating plant. "I was nervous going near that thing," says Sylvia Mallor of the TDA. "But I'm nervous living in Portland and having that plant sitting on the Columbia River. The radioactivity goes into the river and floats through the air, so we might just as well go out there and sit on it."

On August 6, eighty-one trained TDA occupiers left a support rally and, by sitting in the road, blocked the gate of the reactor site. They expected to be arrested in fairly short order; instead, arrests came thirty-eight hours later, as the company apparently thought it could avoid unpleasantness by using a rear access road until the demonstrators abandoned their vigil.

But finally, at 5 A.M. on August 8, arrests were made without incident. The occupation, which dominated the state press for two days, was a significant escalation in the fight against nuclear power. "We feel that if we can shut down an operating plant, that'll set a precedent," says Christine Czarnecka of the TDA. "Our action was not symbolic at all. We intend to keep it up until we do shut it down. We're growing now, and we'll continue to grow." The TDA has announced another action at Trojan for around Thanksgiving.

Meanwhile, the Clamshell Alliance, which started the ball rolling with a mass occupation of the nuclear site at Seabrook, N.H. last April, is in the midst of shifting its strategy toward a program that involves knocking on the doors of homeowners as well as plant sites. "We've got to expand our base," says Fred Zapinsky, a leading advocate of the new program. "We've got to reach working people and we've got to solidify our own organization to build to where we really can stop Seabrook. That means mass appeal that goes really deep, all over the region."

Along with several others, Zapinsky worked out a plan for canvassing with affinity groups. The affinity groups were the units of eight to twenty people who underwent nonviolent training together before the Sea-

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brook occupations, and who then acted together on the site and in the National Guard armories where occupiers were detained after the action. "The affinities became something like extended families," says Zapinsky. "After the occupation, so many people rushed into the movement that our meetings became unworkable, and some people just couldn't relate to it. What we have to do now is plant groups that . . . can relate directly to their neighborhoods and towns, and that will attract new people the way meetings never can."

Zapinsky's plan for affinity-based organizing has met with a mixed reaction, but seems likely to be adopted by some of the larger Clam groups, particularly in cities where meetings have grown too large to be workable. Since April, the Alliance has spread to include nearly fifty groups from around New England that vary immensely in size and orientation. Without another Seabrook occupation in the near future, many are concentrating on the plants in their own areas.

Three major issues, however, are holding the many branches of Alliance together. The first is a general agreement on the need to broaden the support. "We definitely kicked up a storm last April," says Robin Read of Portsmouth, N.H. "And we also learned that a very large segment of the public is at least as inclined to be against the nukes as they are to be for them. What we have to do now is translate the issue into things the neighborhoods can feel personally. We've got to show that nukes are dangerous and expensive, and we've also got to prove that solar power can work."

Toward that end, many of the local groups have begun campaigns to reach the public by door-to-door canvassing and with information tables at supermarkets, banks, utilities' offices and the like. "We made our point with direct action," says Zapinsky. "But you can't beat face-to-face contact. If we can introduce personal contact to this thing, we'll go a long way. We should also learn a hell of a lot about our neighborhoods."

One of the points to be stressed in the Alliance's new push will be jobs. Solar power is labor-intensive and can ultimately create far more jobs-per-dollar than nuclear energy. With that in mind, Alliance organizers have been slowly approaching local unions, and have also added a new, pro-labor emphasis to their literature.

But the utilities themselves have provided an issue that cuts deep and the Alliance seems ready to take advantage of it. It is rate hikes. Because of its enormous capital costs, nuclear construction is pushing up rates across the country. In New England, which is hardly an exception, increases are planned or asked for in at least four of the six states. Boston Edison wants 23 percent to pay off its Pilgrim I plant at Plymouth and to pave the way for Pilgrim II; the Public Service Company of New Hampshire needs 20 percent to go ahead with Seabrook. The presidents of both companies have made it clear that without the raises, the plants will be in serious trouble. "They've got to prove they can pay for the reactors before they can sell the bonds," says Read. "Without the hikes, they can't sell the bonds. Without the bonds, they can't build the plants. It's as simple as that."

Powerful citizens' groups, unrelated to the anti-nuclear movement, have already materialized in Connecticut, where Northeast Utilities is asking $90 million for its Millstone and Montague projects. Indications are abundant that there is no great popular love for higher electric bills, particularly when they're caused by reactors that were supposed to lower them.

And in effect, the rate hikes and the growing opposition to them go to the heart of the nuclear industry's problems. On September 21, *The New York Times* confirmed what has been known to nuclear opponents for some time—that the industry is in deep financial trouble, and that without a massive federal bail-out the prospects for further nuclear construction orders are "bleak."

On September 20, however, the House voted to continue a $150 million commitment to the Clinch River Fast Breeder project, a project officially opposed by the Carter administration. Environmental lobbyists in Washington complain that the administration didn't lobby as hard as it might have against the vote, and that new appointments and pronouncements from energy czar James Schlesinger indicate a deeper nuclear commitment than President Carter has publicly admitted. Even now, Schlesinger's projections put the number of U.S. nuclear plants at well over 300 by the year 2000. That would be more than six per state.

That much nuclear construction will take a multi-billion-dollar commitment from Washington, as well as a public relations campaign of spectacular proportions. Strong anti-nuclear sentiment has already spread to the State Houses of Massachusetts and California. Both states are on the brink of a serious commitment to solar energy, and their Governors have both expressed disdain for atomic energy. "I don't view nuclear as a particularly promising or desirable source of energy for the nation and for New England in the future," said Massachusetts's Michael Dukakis in a recent interview. "Given both the environmental problems and also the cost problems, I don't see much of a future for nuclear in the energy picture for this country. I think conservation and alternative sources are where we ought to be moving."

Nor does it seem likely that the grass-roots movement will wait patiently for Washington's decision. Despite the Clamshell's growing interest in neighborhood organizing, direct action will continue. Four more arrests occurred at Seabrook on August 6, when nuclear opponents from Maine attempted to plant trees at the site. Members, who released helium balloons at the site's gates, wore black armbands to mourn the death of Vital Michalon, the young anti-nuclear marcher killed a week earlier at Malville, France (see accompanying article by Anna Gyorgy). Sometime in early October, a civil disobedience action is expected at Vermont Yankee, a notoriously inefficient and leaky reactor at Vernon. The plant is now the subject of a fierce statewide debate on the question of local versus national jurisdiction over reactor-related health and safety questions.

A civil disobedience action is expected at a nuclear site in Darlington, Ontario, and still another may occur soon at Barnwell, S.C. As of now, there are roughly twenty alliances that parallel in orientation and commit-

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ment the Clamshell model, and the campaign against both new and old reactors seems unlikely to abate.

Indeed, with increasingly firm ties to the European and Japanese anti-nuclear movements, and with a growing awareness of nuclear weaponry as an interlocked issue, the movement seems far closer to achieving a critical mass than many of our national energy planners may suspect. □

France Kills Its First Protester

ANNA GYORGY

The July 31st march on Malville, the site of a French plutonium-fueled fast breeder reactor called the Super-Phoenix, finally broke through the indifference of the U.S. press to the European anti-nuclear movement. For France, it was a cataclysmic event. After more than a year of ecology group organizing and education, some 60,000 people came to Creys-Malville to march against the construction site. What took place was a battle, the most volatile, violent and politically important anti-nuclear demonstration to date.

France's bid to become the most thoroughly developed nuclear-powered country in the world has been challenged by thousands of young French ecologists and their allies throughout Europe. The anti-nuclear resistance in France now centers upon the construction of the Super-Phoenix. This 1,200-megawatt plant, which would be the largest commercial breeder reactor in the world, is under construction on 400 acres near a small Rhone Valley village in the southeastern department of Isère. The confrontation there turned into the most violent nuclear demonstration yet seen in Europe, and the Super-Phoenix made its first kill. A 31-year-old French high school physics and chemistry teacher named Vital Michalon died when a concussion grenade tore into his chest and lungs. In all there were more than 100 serious injuries, including two National Guardsmen and two demonstrators who lost limbs to the TNT-loaded grenades.

The Malville occupation (it never got that far) had its roots in demonstrations there the previous summer, when 20,000 people attempted a nonviolent occupation of the breeder site. They came from all over France to an area that was still largely unaware of the nature of this project rising in their midst. Most of Europe has by now been awakened to the dangers implicit in light-water nuclear power plants. Local groups and national coalitions have staged petition drives, marches, protest demonstrations and finally site occupations that have drawn the media as well as tens of thousands of troubled men and women.

In the last year German police power staged violent displays at the Brokdorf and Grohnde nuke sites. On these occasions, some helmeted demonstrators tried to cut through fences around the fortified sites, despite counterattacks with tear gas and water cannons. Other less violent anti-nuclear activity has grown too. There were occupations this summer of a site at Gerstheim, on the Rhine just across from Germany, and of high tension towers at the nearby Fessenheim twin nuclear plant, now in operation. Meanwhile, demonstrators, unable to occupy the sites, built occupation-style "anti-atom villages" bordering the Brokdorf and Grohnde sites.

The Rhine River has been called the "nuclear boulevard of Europe," as governments on its German, French and Swiss banks eagerly eye its waters for cooling. The battle to stop nuclear power has always focused on the protection of the region around a planned nuke, and the common border of the river has thus created a new bond of international cooperation in opposition to nuclear development.

The hazards of nuclear power have been widely discussed in Europe: radiation, the problem of waste storage, the possibility of core melt-downs, worker contamination and soaring costs from frequent breakdowns. But the breeder is a nuke of a different order.

The Super-Phoenix is for France a second-generation breeder. The smaller Phoenix, the nearby prototype, has now been out of commission for seven months; nevertheless, it has one of the best operating records of the world's few experimental breeder reactors. For the French Government, its extraordinary nuclear program—200 reactors by the turn of the century—hinges on the success of the Super-Phoenix. "Ideally," breeders can be stoked with the plutonium that is in light-water reactor waste, and can themselves "breed" more plutonium. Without this generation of fuel, the dream of a nuclear-powered industrialized France will vanish when its uranium supplies give out in a few decades. The project is a joint venture; France owns half, the rest is split among Belgium, Spain, Germany and Italy. Even before the first large-scale breeder is "on line," the national utility—Electricity of France (EDF)—has ordered three more to be built at Chalon-sur-Saône.

In July 1976, the first Malville demonstrators were able to get on the reactor site itself. Two thousand of them set up camp for five days, until they were roughly removed by the French National Guard, the CRS. The next day they were evicted from a new campsite on the land of local residents. Shocked by the police attack on the nonviolent ecologists, who had sat down together on the road by their camp, local villagers offered them beds. In the weeks following, many of the protesters stayed in the area, educating the locals about the potential dangers of their nuclear neighbor and helping to form Malville committees.

As with nuclear projects everywhere, French officialdom gives little or no explanation to the inhabitants of an area chosen for a site. And in France, the highly cen-

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Anna Gyorgy is completing No Nukes: Everyone's Guide to Nuclear Power, *to be published this winter by South End Press (Boston).*

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tralized Atomic Energy Commission and the EDF have no procedures for licensing. There are no permits, no environmental impact statements. A site is chosen and construction begins.

Forgetting for a moment the local residents, the Super-Phoenix would place 5,000 tons of potentially explosive liquid sodium (breeder reactor coolant) and 4.5 tons of plutonium, the most lethal of poisons and bomb material, within 50 miles of Lyons and Geneva. A month after the June 1976 demonstrations fifty Malville committees had formed in the Rhone Valley.

Opposition continued to build during the fall and winter, with Malville committees forming all over France. The most active groups on the French anti-nuclear scene are the eighty or more chapters of the Friends of the Earth. This organization is loosely affiliated with FOE groups in other countries, but in France the local groups are—unlike French society as a whole—highly decentralized. They focus mainly on local environmental issues, with local funding and regional newsletters. But they also work together for broad purposes, and during the last two years have put together an effective electoral program. (They insist that it is a program, not a new party.) They ran candidates for President in 1974 and for local offices in two Paris districts in November 1976. Their ecological platform, against nuclear energy and for conservation and alternative sources of power, drew a surprising 10 percent of the vote in the first round of the 1976 election.

In the municipal elections last March, the unexpected strength of the new ecologists was as striking to French political observers as were the tremendous gains achieved by the united Left (Socialist and Communist). The ecologists campaigned for a range of reforms that went from banning cars in the centers of old cities to proposals for redistricting and decentralizing political power in large cities by setting up neighborhoods of 10,000 people, each with its own mayor and representatives. Their ecological vision caught the imagination of many French people, who can see and feel the ecological damage resulting from postwar industrial expansion, automobiles and large, overambitious Gaullist projects.

In the nation as a whole the ecological slates won an average 14 percent of the March vote in the first round. In Alsace, where several bitterly opposed nuclear plants and sites are located, some ecologists were elected with 60 percent or more of the local vote.

In late winter the July date was set for the second Malville action. All ecologists and anti-nuclear activists knew that it would be a critical confrontation. Since construction on the breeder continued and the nuclear program was loudly supported by the Right and accepted and approved by the Socialist and Communist Parties, direct action would have to be taken. When I was in France last February, before the national meetings that set the occupation date, activists were already telling me with concern that it would be a "hot summer" and that "someone could be killed" at Malville.

At first the Malville protest had some support from the organized Left. The largest French union, the leftist French Confederation of Workers (CFDT), gave initial support but later withdrew, although many individual members went to Malville. The union has been involved for some time in nuclear issues. Last year union workers struck the large fuel reprocessing plant at La Hague because the government wanted to turn the facility over to private industry. Many workers have already been contaminated in the highly radioactive plant and they feared that safety standards would be lowered under private ownership. They won their point, and awareness of nuclear hazards came home to many in the union. On the Friday before the July demonstration, Michel Rolant, National Secretary of the CFDT, asked: "How can we talk of responsibility when the French Government pursues the sale of a reprocessing plant for irradiated fuel to Pakistan, a factory whose only purpose is to produce plutonium for making nuclear weapons, and when the French industry signs a long-term contract with South Africa for the delivery of uranium, and when it throws itself without debate, without information, without a decision of Parliament, into construction of the Super-Phoenix, that is to say, into the plutonium industry?" (*Le Monde*, July 31.)

The Socialist Party, although critical of the breeder, dissociated itself from the protest, but the party sponsored a workshop on nuclear power at a village near Malville the day before the march. The Communist Party supports nuclear power completely, on the assumption that it is to be safely operated under social control. The party rejected as "undemocratic" the protesters' direct-action tactics. And the ruling party of Valéry Giscard d'Estaing made a point of emphasizing the government's commitment to France's nuclear future. Early in July, Prime Minister Raymond Barre announced: "Growth is indispensable because we must have growth!" And the day before the occupation the French President made a symbolic visit to the fuel enrichment plant at Pierrelatte, where earlier in the month an accident had released a cloud of deadly radioactive uranium hexafluoride. At a press conference after his tour, Giscard said that he hoped France's production of 4,000 megawatts of nuclear power, amounting to 10 percent of France's electrical consumption, would increase tenfold to 40,000 megawatts by the end of the century. He used the United States, with its current nuclear capacity of 45,000 megawatts, as an example of the "reality" of this goal.

As groups from all of France and other European countries prepared to go to Malville, the press stepped up a campaign against the action. Friends of the Earth activist Pierre Radanne reported that broadcasts "prepared French public opinion" with pro-nuclear reports and even suggestions that the German terrorist Baader-Meinhof gang would be at Malville!

Police and National Guard forces also made ready for the coming siege. The governor of Isère, René Jannin, declared a state of emergency around Malville, and on the Friday preceding the action outlawed demonstrations within 5 miles of the village. Jannin, who had headed national security in Algiers during the early 1960s, was later held responsible by the ecologists for the violence. Roads within the 5-mile area were closed to all but the residents of the encircled villages. Control points

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were set up there and at the German and Swiss borders, where many people were refused entry into France.

German anti-nuclear activists grouped in the village of Morestel, about 7 miles from the site, and their presence caused much comment. The governor and police charged that they constituted a "second German invasion," arousing memories of the town's occupation during World War II. The violent Brokdorf and Grohnde demonstrations were known. Jannin declared on Thursday the 28th that the foreigners were "well-trained and organized extremists." The Germans replied in a communiqué: "We are not parliamentary commandos. The governor's declaration uses the charges of German fascism against us, and we are fighting for the abolition of fascism, particularly that implied in a nuclear society. The atom has no borders. The construction of the Super-Phoenix is financed in part by German capital. We are here to support the population of Isère against the Super-Phoenix."

By all accounts, other than Jannin's, the well-organized Germans were not the cause of the violence. Rather the massing of thousands of demonstrators, probably more than 95 percent of whom were self-consciously "nonviolent," revealed the thin skin of nuclear power. Beneath its shining, ultra-modern technological surface, lies the power of the police state.

And so it was at Malville. The demonstrators camped during the rainy weekend at four villages. On Saturday night, eve of the march, there were large mass meetings. The original "star" plan, whereby the demonstrators would approach the site from four sides, was abandoned, and the four contingents arranged to join up at the village of Faverges.

The strategy had been, by sheer force of numbers, to get as close as possible to the site and there to demonstrate nonviolently. But the organization was loose and the Malville Coordination, the leadership group, was unable or unwilling to give specific directions. Decisions during the decisive moments would be made by the demonstrators. It was understood that some were not averse to violence, but no attempt was made to exclude them. It was an ultimate confrontation, and all were welcome.

At first, it looked in many ways like the April 30th occupation at Seabrook, N.H. The marchers, most of them in their 20s and early 30s, carried packs on their backs and raised umbrellas against the constant rain. But in fact the situation was very different.

Malville was supercharged. Five thousand National Guard troops, heavily armed, surrounded the site. Jannin was vested with an apparent total power that New Hampshire Gov. Meldrim Thomson might have envied. Jannin was in close phone contact with Giscard d'Estaing; the military action was clearly foreseen.

As the march approached Faverges, the police lines drew back and the column, now several miles long, began to enter the previously forbidden zone. But it was a trap. As the march passed between a lake and some woods, the military attacked the front with heavy showers of tear-gas containers. Some demonstrators threw stones. A violent National Guard search of a local sympathizer's barn where some of the Germans had been housed amassed a "cache" of helmets, gas masks, an iron bar, slingshots and some kitchen knives. Against equipment like this, the CNR used grenades containing 90 grams of TNT. They weigh 250 grams in all and upon exploding create a mini-crater a meter in diameter. Such missiles had never before been seen in a civilian or anti-nuclear demonstration.

A German woman, a member of the German Communist Party, said of the day: "We who have known giant and very violent anti-nuclear demonstrations, can say that Malville was the most impressive of all—in its numbers, in its international character, and also in its horribly murderous aspect. It is said that the police acted to defend themselves. But how could they be attacked? They were absolutely untouchable."

Two of the demonstrators lost limbs. One was Manfred Schulte, a 17-year-old German, who had been at other demonstrations in his own country. He made the mistake of grabbing a grenade, thinking he could throw it back, as he had done with German tear-gas canisters. It blew up in his hand, severing his arm.

Michel Grandjean lost a leg when a grenade landed near him while he paused, overcome by tear gas, during his retreat from the front of the march. He wrote in an open letter entitled "At All Costs" which was published August 4: "I didn't choose violence, I chose to be present. At the risk of making you smile, it was for me a sort of moral imperative in regard to future generations, and more concretely for me, my life and my child's. *I accuse Jannin of having wanted to kill, of having killed.* . . . I . . . demand that Jannin be charged. . . . If we do not react in a massive way against these means, they will be considered 'acceptable' from now on. And there will be other deaths, other mutilations. And then later, other freedoms will be limited, imperceptibly, until there is a permanent state of war against those who want to be able to say no."

Vital Michalon was killed during the last "cleanup" barrage of grenades on Sunday afternoon. The government kept his body for some time before doctors finally were able to do an autopsy on August 2. Although the first official reports were that he had died of a heart attack and later that he had been trampled by the crowd, the autopsy showed that his lungs had been torn by the direct hit of an exploding grenade. Michalon was a nonviolent demonstrator, not a member of any ecology group or political party.

The debate between violence and nonviolence has been going on for some time within the anti-nuclear movements in all European countries. In France, as in Germany, the vast majority of organizers and participants identify themselves as "nonviolent," as do the Friends of the Earth organizations and the comparable Citizen Initiative groups that have formed in cities and towns all over Germany. But the nuclear issue has also been taken up in both countries by small radical leftist parties who see the fight against nuclear power as a confrontation with the capitalist ruling parties. They feel if the nuclear program is to be stopped, people must be shocked out

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of their apathy or ignorance. But in all demonstrations, the violence has for the greatest part come from the "forces of order," as they are known in France.

At Malville, Jannin had ordered that the site must be "protected at all costs . . . if necessary, we will fire." In fact, the demonstrators never came closer than 30 feet from the police lines nor closer than a mile and a half from the site. As for the local residents, the French weekly *Nouvel Observateur* (August 8) reported that: "Eyewitnesses, the inhabitants of the region did not see terrorists, but polite demonstrators as terrorized as they were themselves; no Nazi occupiers but young Germans who were not even born in 1945. 'When they told us: "Nuclear society equals police society," we didn't believe them,' said a peasant from Faverges. 'Today, we saw.' They saw who had wanted violence, who lied and who didn't lie and, more clearly than before, they listened to the ecologists' warnings."

The night after the demonstration, as people left the area, the CRS began making arrests, as though suddenly it occurred to them that no one had been put "on trial." Seven Germans, two Swiss and three French demonstrators were arrested arbitrarily hours after the action, some of them were as far as 10 miles from the site and on their way home. They were given three-month prison sentences at a tribunal that ecologists called a "farce." Seven others were arrested but released without being charged. Demonstrators supported the defendants during and after the tribunal, and signed statements demanding to be arrested for having committed "the same offense."

By all accounts the action, and the state's reaction, have made opponents of the Super-Phoenix and the nuclear program more determined than ever. The tremendous amount of publicity about Malville has spread word of the project all over Europe. It is certain that nuclear energy will be a major issue in the parliamentary elections next March. These elections are crucial for the Left, which stands an excellent chance of gaining a government majority for the first time in France. But will they be able to win if they sidestep the nuclear controversy? Socialist leader François Mitterrand has asked for a national referendum on nuclear power, but Giscard d'Estaing maintains that such a vote is impossible under the French Constitution, which has narrow limits on referendums.

Brice Lalonde, First Secretary of Friends of the Earth and one of the November 1976 candidates, seemed to make some overtures to the Left in a statement several days after the demonstration. "The leaders of the Socialist Party are now showing a sudden understanding, undoubtedly made clearer by that of the many demonstrators. The referendum Mitterrand has proposed is, with some important conditions, close to the dimension of the problem. . . . I do not count on the Socialist Party being ecological, but I don't exclude the idea that the Socialists might join with the ecologists and the radicals of the Left to determine together how and at what speed to stop nuclear power." (*Liberation*, August 4.)

The Left cannot ignore the opinion of a growing segment of French society, and any French reversal of nuclear development would make a deep impression on the rest of Europe. The French ecological movement will work with groups in the other eight Common Market countries to submit a single ecological slate for the elections to the first European Parliament in May 1978.

The story of Malville raises important questions for the anti-nuclear movement in the United States. Has the strong and organized nonviolence of the Clamshell Alliance's April 30th occupation set the tone for anti-nuke actions here? Or is violence unavoidable as the state reacts to ever larger demonstrations?

So far it seems that all the new regional anti-nuclear alliances that have been formed since Seabrook have emphasized their commitment to public education and nonviolent direct action. And the occupations in California's Diablo Canyon and at the Trojan nuclear plant in Oregon in August, during the 32nd anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, ended with nonviolent arrests in atmospheres of a certain respect and understanding that were similar to that at Seabrook.

Recently, in France, Lalonde criticized the Coordination of the Malville Committees for not having foreseen the situation and for having lost control: "Nonviolence is not under-organization nor the absence of tactics." But he laid blame for the weekend's brutality on Governor Jannin and the French Government in Paris. "The state's extreme actions impose a strategy on ecologists. We know that from now on we will not win alone, but no one will win for us. . . ." □

The Fault at Diablo Canyon

T.W. SPEERS and PAULA von LOEWENFELDT

At 9:30 A.M. on August 7, three men, accompanied by a Coast Guard patrol boat and a Pacific Gas and Electric helicopter, swam into the cove beneath the twin-domed basilica of PG&E's nuclear energy installation at Diablo Canyon, near San Luis Obispo, Calif. They were met by fifteen riot-garbed sheriff's deputies, who waited politely while one of the men donned his Captain Plutonium suit; then they took the intruders in charge. Of the 1,000 people gathered for the support rally, the scores of newsmen, and the forty-three other designated occupiers, only these three would catch sight of the target that day.

Over the past ten years, Pacific Gas and Electric has spent more than $1 billion on its virtually complete Diablo Canyon facility. Though 68 percent of San Luis Obispo's residents favor the plant, a handful of local women, members of Mothers for Peace, have blocked PG&E's attempt to procure an operating license for their

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generators since 1973, thus delaying its opening for three and a half years.

San Luis Obispo is a heavily Republican city of 34,000, midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Half its residents are students at the local State Polytechnic University; hardly touched by mass political actions of the 1960s and early 1970s, the students quietly study agriculture, engineering and architecture. For the practical education of future nuclear engineers, the university maintains a tiny working reactor. Nearly all of the organized resistance to Diablo Canyon has passed unnoticed by news media outside the central coast community. The story that should have been widely reported really began with PG&E's embarrassment of the Sierra Club in 1966.

At that time, having recently been prevented from building a nuclear plant at Bodega Bay, PG&E found itself facing the Sierra Club once again when it bought land from the Union Oil Company near Pismo Beach, in San Luis Obispo County. The utility wanted to lose no more time or money, and answered the club's protest that it was about to ruin a unique coastal area by promising to find an alternate site in the same county. After extensive tests, PG&E chose Diablo Canyon, a shelf of property on the coast, where 850,000 gallons of Pacific Ocean water per minute could be used to cool the plant's twin reactors. Acting on incomplete knowledge of the area, Sierra Club directors agreed in May of 1966 that Diablo Canyon was a fine alternative to the matchless Pismo Beach dunes. Almost immediately they were proven wrong: the area, which had been slated for recreational development as early as 1949, contained invaluable stands of Coastal Live Oak. The directors had compromised one area to save another. They were embarrassed and frustrated, but they could not bring themselves to lose face by withdrawing their endorsement of Diablo Canyon. Thus, PG&E now had approval from America's most prestigious environmental organization to begin construction. And despite a mass of adverse testimony, much of it from local members of the Sierra Club, the California Public Utilities Commission, in February 1968, granted the utility permission to build its facility. William Bennet, the lone dissenting commissioner, remarked acidly that the decision-making members of the Sierra Club had been "educated by PG&E."

As the PUC hearings concluded, Shell Oil geologists probing California's coastal shelf discovered a major earthquake fault only 2.2 miles from the proposed Diablo site. It was named the Hosgri fault, and information as to its length and extent was buried away with other data in the Shell report, published in 1971. Therefore, when PG&E began construction, it may not have known of the fault's existence, though a source within the company has stated that the utility, one in a tight-knit community of energy corporations, was not "wholly ignorant" of this potential hazard—"particularly since the project's senior geologic consultants were in a position to know about it." In 1973, PG&E applied for the licenses needed to operate the plant, and the AEC scheduled public hearings. Before 1971, the AEC had granted operating permits *pro forma*, there being no public opposition. Now, with national resistance to the nuclear industry beginning to appear, utilities like PG&E had to reckon with environmental groups. At stake were the billions spent on reactor research since 1945.

Members of the San Luis Mothers for Peace attended the hearings to educate themselves and their friends on the issue of nuclear power. Deciding that some action must be taken, they approached Bruce Sharpe, counsel for the Scenic Shoreline Preservation Conference, who advised them to become citizen intervenors, along with the Shoreline group—thus qualifying themselves to raise issues in AEC hearings on Diablo. The AEC granted them such status in late 1973.

At that time, Gordon Silver, a physicist at the local State University and husband of Sandy Silver, a leader in Mothers for Peace, was told by a student that a U.S. Geologic Survey ship had discovered a large earthquake fault in the coastal shelf off Diablo Canyon. Both Silver and his wife sought out the project director of the ship, who confirmed the information. The Silvers told Sharpe of their discovery and he passed it on to the *Los Angeles Times*, at the same time filing for an immediate "stop-work" order on construction at Diablo.

Faced with public knowledge of the Hosgri fault, PG&E asserted its faith in the plant's designed ability to withstand ground acceleration at the site of .2 Gs (20 percent of gravity). Devices that would allegedly insure a safe shutdown of the plant had been designed to take .4 Gs. The utility proposed that it continue with the project while the USGS completed a detailed study; PG&E expressed its confidence in the results. The AEC was startled by news of the fault, but denied Sharpe's request for an end to construction. "The AEC's attitude was rather ambiguous," Gordon Silver recalled later. "They reasoned that the plant was not operating, and therefore posed no threat to public safety. . . ."

The scheduled opening date for Diablo Canyon passed in mid-1974, amid further hearings by the AEC's successor, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. In late 1974, the NRC received the final USGS report on the Hosgri fault—a quake at the site location could be as high as .75 Gs. PG&E said it would make "seismic reassessments" of the plant and, as hearings continued in California, the NRC in Washington considered what steps it might now take to justify a license for Diablo Canyon. In memorandums written during February 1975, NRC Director of Project Management Richard DeYoung discussed alternatives: marshal outside geologists to refute the USGS study; adjust NRC regulations to allow the plant to be licensed; urge the Secretary of the Interior to pressure the USGS to "modify" its findings. (When these memorandums became public last June, NRC officials cited economic imperatives and the prestige of the U.S. nuclear

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effort, as motives for entertaining such ploys. "We also considered doing nothing at all," DeYoung added when questioned.)

By October 1975, another group of citizens in San Luis Obispo was making itself felt. After conversations with Gordon and Sandy Silver, local physician David Lenderts approached his colleagues across the county to gain support for a statewide nuclear energy forum in San Luis. With more than ninety-five other doctors, and supported by Mothers for Peace, Lenderts coordinated a two-day conference at the local State University. Moderated by *Los Angeles Times* columnist Art Seidenbaum, and with Drs. John Gofman and Edward Teller debating each other in keynote speeches, it drew crowds from across the state; workshops the following day were heavily attended.

However, in June 1976, the anti-nuclear Proposition 15 was defeated in a statewide election, after a massive publicity campaign by PG&E, and the utility then changed tactics. It declared that, in view of drought-ridden California's critical need for energy, it would seek a two-year interim operating license for Diablo Canyon, even though seismic questions remained unanswered. In a telegram to NRC Chairman Marcus Rowden, Richard Maullin, chairman of the California Energy Commission, stated: ". . . the commission will express its desire to see [a] decision on an operating license for [Diablo Canyon's reactor number 1]. . . . In this regard, we wish to inquire about the procedure to be followed by the NRC to make a final determination in this case." In reply, Ben C. Rusche, director of the NRC's Office of Reactor Regulation, said warmly: "There is a possible alternative approach that could result in an NRC decision on an . . . interim operating license . . . before the end of 1977, if action is initiated promptly."

The "approach" called for PG&E to submit seismic reassessment data to date, with proposed changes in plant design to meet greater earthquake danger—these, however, being dependent upon "an evaluation of the practicality of making . . . changes to a plant which has been in operation during the interim license." Rusche added that the normal forty-year permit could not be had until mid-1978. "However, if appropriate action is made and justified, we believe [an interim license decision] could be reached by the end of this year." As everyone concerned with this development must have understood, the practicality of shutting down a plant whose energy was badly needed could be easily dismissed.

Meanwhile, the hydroelectric reserves being depleted by the worst drought in more than a century, California was being informed by PG&E that "rolling blackouts" might be expected across the state if Diablo were not made quickly operational. Within weeks, on September 2, Dr. Ronald Doctor of the California Energy Resources and Conservation Commission stated flatly that PG&E's predictions were "untrue" and designed to frighten the public. A spokesman for the utility then said, "As a matter of hindsight, we may have overstated [California's energy needs]. At the time, we thought we were right." And at the time the public was indeed frightened.

Time was running out. In June 1977, a local group called People Generating Energy, formed a month earlier to "prevent the opening of Diablo Canyon by whatever nonviolent means are available," met with direct-action groups from across California in San Luis Obispo. The two-day conference included visits by John Gofman and Clamshell Alliance organizer Sam Lovejoy; at its end representatives of the anti-nuclear groups agreed to form the Abalone Alliance, inspired by Clamshell's nonviolent occupation of the Seabrook, N.H. nuclear plant site. The organization announced a nonviolent occupation of the Diablo plant on August 7, the Hiroshima-day weekend.

In recognition of the Hiroshima anniversary, telegrams of support from Japan were to have been read to the support demonstrators assembled below the twin-reactor Diablo plant. They were forgotten, however, under the tension of watching the forty-three occupiers, most of them in their 20s, three in their 70s, start the quarter-mile hike to the first barbed-wire fence. The press, informed by PG&E that not even its members would be permitted on the property, followed the nonviolent commandos, prepared to risk arrest to cover the story.

The first fence having been scaled with ladders and the order to disperse read, the occupiers climbed a sharp rise, held hands to slither down a ravine and encountered a second fence—constructed by PG&E in great haste and, it was asserted, without permission from the Coastal Commission. The groups had left the rally at 3 P.M. At 4, they were confronted by the county sheriffs, who had been waiting in a twisting roadway, hidden by stands of oak and eucalyptus and by the hilly terrain from the supporters below.

For the next two hours, the long process of peaceful occupancy and just as peaceful arrest proceeded. The atmosphere was almost jocular, pleasantries masking the real dread of jail. When the last person was gently lifted up and borne away to be mug-shot and handcuffed, the press was told it was free to leave. Sheriff George Whiting, who'd warned of the risk of following the occupiers up the road, dodged questions about intimidation of the media. "I said there was a chance they might be arrested, but we hadn't decided yet for sure. PG&E said they didn't want anyone trespassing on their property, but that apparently didn't bother the press."

On August 11, Municipal Court Judge Warren Conklin tentatively ruled that the District Attorney's office, which was seen instructing the sheriffs at the arrests, and is said by some sources to have counseled PG&E about the trespassing, was disqualified from prosecuting the case. The judge wanted the state Attorney General's office to handle it. On the night of the arraignment, the Diablo case appeared a clear instance of first-offense trespass, with Judge Conklin intimating leniency. The climate of the courtroom changed, however, when the original ruling to ban the District Attorney's office from prosecution was overthrown a week later. Appeals to the San Luis Obispo Superior Court and the Second District Court of Appeals in Los Angeles also proved fruitless. The trials were to

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continue in San Luis Obispo, the D.A. participating.

The defendants were split into groups with separate trial dates, the most heavily political occupiers appearing last. Then the first sentences came down from Judge Conklin: $500 fines, five days in jail and a year's probation. In a locally published decision, which Raye Flemings feels prejudices the likelihood in the future of a fair jury in San Luis Obispo, the judge applauded the occupiers for "genuine commitment to the principle of nonviolence," but he further declared, "I personally reject the concept that the end justifies the means. The logical consequences of such a point of view are either dictatorship or anarchy."

The judge, facing a re-election campaign in the near future, insisted that the defendants should pay the full cost to the taxpayers from the August 7th protest at Diablo, stating, "To my knowledge, the taxpayers of San Luis Obispo County were not asked whether they wanted to devote these resources to your cause."

He reassigned the remaining cases to Municipal Court Judge Richard Wood, known for his technically fair if conservative decisions. On September 19, nine more occupiers were sentenced to five days in jail, a $500 fine and eighteen months on probation. In his ruling, Judge Wood referred to their "anarchy" and declared he would put a stop to it.

Even for this conservative community, the sentences have been unusually harsh. Said one of the defending lawyers, "It's common knowledge around here that first-offense criminal trespass gets a maximum of $150 fine *or* one day in jail. Hunters have to forfeit their weapons, although recently they've had to pay the fine and serve their day."

The remaining protesters were scheduled for October 4th, October 25th and November 1st court appearances. Harvey Rosenberg (Captain Plutonium) voiced the disgust of his fellow occupiers at the conduct of the proceedings. "We were put to sleep with this trial. We could have politicized it, but we were told by our lawyers that the judges would appreciate saving the extra expense of a jury trial."

Planning to meet with American Civil Liberties Union advisers and appeal the sentences, insisting on jury trials and a possible change of venue, the anti-nuclear group faces a larger dilemma: the future of the Diablo protest. On October 14 to 16 the statewide Abalone Alliance will meet in San Francisco to discuss tactics. The forty-six occupiers are effectively out of the physical act of nonviolence. Violation of their probation would bring a six-month jail term from the San Luis Obispo courts. "But we'll be there," says Fleming, "as trainers. There will be more occupations, and bigger ones."

Nuclear Regulatory Commission hearings on the seismic safety of Diablo Canyon have been rescheduled for February 1978. And the San Luis Obispo Mothers for Peace, that handful of women who began a protest that is now statewide, are meeting at times and places undisclosed to the press. Local conflict has risen to the point that they have been receiving anonymous phone calls threatening to kill them or their children. □

'REMEMBER TIERRA AMARILLA'

Chicano Power in the Feudal West

PETER NABOKOV

As he planted himself defiantly before a federal judge in the Manhattan courtroom on June 30, Pedro Archuleta looked dramatically out of place and time. The 31-year-old, barrel-chested, cowboy-hatted Chicano activist was far away from his windswept village operations center of Tierra Amarilla in the wilds of northern New Mexico. "T.A.," as it is locally known, is the seat of Rio Arriba County; for more than a decade it has been a focus of Southwest militancy.

The sleepy village first broke into the national press in June 1967, when a handful of armed Chicano peasants, under the influence of an ex-Assembly of God preacher named Reies Tijerina, swooped down on the hamlet. Holding the courthouse and keeping lawmen at bay, the raiders were attempting a "citizen's arrest" on a local district attorney who had been harassing them. When it finally escaped into the surrounding mountains, Tijerina's band became the target of the biggest manhunt in the state's history. The Southwest had not seen its like since "Black Jack" Pershing's punitive 1916 expedition against another political *bandito*, Pancho Villa.

Archuleta's appearance in New York was an indirect result, ten years later, of that afternoon of rage which made "Remember Tierra Amarilla" a rallying cry throughout the militant Spanish-speaking Southwest. For the second and last time federal Judge Richard Owen demanded to know (*1*) if Archuleta knew any members of the FALN (Fuerzas Armadas de Liberación Nacional Puertorriqueñas, the Armed Forces of Puerto Rican Liberation), and (2) had Archuleta turned over any dynamite to the FALN (the group takes credit for nearly fifty terrorist bombings, the most recent being blasts in early August at the U.S. Defense Department and Mobil Oil Corporation headquarters in Manhattan). Archuleta had served on the National Commission on Hispanic Affairs, supported by the Episcopal Church, where he had replaced Carlos Torres, a Chicago schoolteacher. Acting on a tip from an addict burglar, police had uncovered a "bomb factory" in Torres's apartment; some of the 211 dynamite sticks were traced to Southwestern construc-

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tion sites. In 1968 Archuleta had worked on construction of the Heron Lake Dam, near T.A., where dynamite had been missing. On that tenuous web of facts Archuleta had been snared in what he derided as the grand jury's "fishing expedition." If he didn't talk the likelihood was he would join two other Hispanic commission members, Maria Cueto and Raisa Nemikin, already locked up in New York for refusing to cooperate with the grand jury.

Finally Judge Owen's last interrogation: did Archuleta have any notion who had bombed a certain New York tavern? (In January 1975, an explosion at Fraunces Tavern in New York killed four and injured fifty-five.) When Archuleta threw back at the judge, "I'm not going to be labeled as a stoolie in my community," the young activist was hauled off to Metropolitan Correctional Center, there to remain until he "purged himself by answering." That could add up to eighteen months if the current grand jury term is extended beyond its present expiration date of May 8, 1978.

First rumors of impending grand jury subpoenas filtered into New Mexico last January; Chicago and New York were supposedly trying to piece together a nationwide Latino revolutionary underground that was transporting bomb-making supplies and Chicano fugitives. The secret ring was composed, revealed a Denver investigator, of militants who "shared heritage, friends, and in some cases philosophy." By the time confidential documents on the New York end of the investigation broke on the front page of a mid-April *New York Times*, Archuleta had been named as "prime suspect" in the theft of dynamite that turned up in Chicago. Instantly the New York Center for Constitutional Rights charged the government with exploiting the FALN bombings as "the perfect opportunity to gather information on Hispanic activists. Grand juries are not supposed to be intelligence-gathering bodies. They're only supposed to investigate specific crimes and indict people."

Just prior to Archuleta's appearance before the New York court, I had returned to northern New Mexico after an absence of some years. I'd written a book on the now-legendary 1967 raid and wanted to catch up with recent events.

The highland landscape of that area juxtaposes sparkling snow-capped peaks and ponderosa slopes with an ancient desert terrain of forbidding sandstone monoliths and ominous mesas. The eerie mix is a metaphor for the region's historical conflicts. America's oldest ethnic blood baths took place here: Spaniard vs. Indian, Indian vs. Mexican, Chicano vs. Anglo. As old Spain's last, lingering outposts in North America, the isolated Spanish-speaking villages nestled in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains still retain such darkly Spanish traditions as the Penitente Brotherhood, a theocratic Christian cult that practices self-flagellation. Folkloric *brujas*—witches—and real-life sudden violence are not uncommon in the crisp, piñon-scented nights. In a few villages artisans carve sacred figurines and weave traditional blankets, but most families have followed the pattern of rural enclaves across the country. Unable to eke out a living on steadily shrinking acreage, the young move to blue- or white-collar jobs in the cities, while their aging parents survive on welfare, nostalgic for the old, to them more meaningful, way of life. In New Mexico that nostalgia turns to the ancient Spanish and Mexican land grants swindled from them after the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, when the United States did little to protect its new Spanish-speaking citizens from land-hungry Anglos. The land-grant heirs lost millions of square miles; as recently as 1930, 1.6 million acres of their remaining lands were nationalized.

Rio Arriba County lies in the heart of the anachronistic north. Of its 27,000 inhabitants, almost 82 percent have Spanish surnames. The average family income is around $5,000, but nearly 35 percent are below the poverty level. Unemployment ranges from around 22 percent in summer to more than 40 percent during the rugged, idle winter. "Rio Arriba is like some medieval fiefdom," mused a local newsman. "Since the '67 raid it seems to have receded even further into the last century, but it commands more news space than any other county. It's as though the troubles that keep boiling up there keep us reminded of New Mexico's oldest wounds. . . ."

Strolling down the dusty main street of Tierra Amarilla today you wouldn't be surprised to see some Spaghetti Western drifter slink out of one of its abandoned, crumbling adobe bars. The evocative town was founded on the one-time 580,000-acre Tierra Amarilla land grant, settled in 1832 by José Martinez. Today, nearly all its remaining acres of open range belong to sprawling Anglo cattle ranches.

Since the 1967 raid there have been significant changes in the area's social climate. The U.S. Forest Service no longer impounds Chicano cattle found grazing on National Forest meadows; that used to be a cause of bitter contention. There are considerably more Spanish-surnamed rangers and park employees. In summer, the Forest Service runs recreation programs for local youngsters. But the most dramatic new development is symbolized by the complex of buildings thrown together on the outskirts of town that is Pedro Archuleta's domain.

For the stormy, violent ten years since the raid, Archuleta and fellow activist, Moises Morales, together with a tightly knit band of organizers, lawyers, summer volunteers and curious visitors, have kept Tierra Amarilla on the cutting edge of the Chicano movement for land and civil rights. Within a few years after the raid exposed the area's underlying social ills, they were running a cooperative farming venture, La Cooperación del Pueblo, and a most successful health facility, La Clinica. Archuleta and Morales joined sixteen local families to break ground for La Clinica in 1969. The out-patient center immediately began serving upward of 7,000 isolated villagers, mostly Spanish-speaking, in a region where infant mortality rivals the worst in the nation and the nearest hospital is 70 miles away over treacherous mountain roads. When arson leveled the clinic, fund raising resurrected it stronger than ever. In 1970 La Cooperación started a welfare/rights program. The next year a law office began providing food-stamp and consumer-advocacy counseling, as well as research into the original 17th-

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Photos from the Albuquerque Journal/Tribune

Pedro Archuleta

and 18th-century land grants. For many remote villages, it was the only sympathetic law office within 100 miles.

La Cooperación/La Clinica became a catalyst for sophisticated community action such as the rural Southwest had never known. In 1973 its membership was instrumental in founding a chapter of the activist-oriented political party, La Raza Unida, which put up a slate of candidates for county office in 1975. Morales ran for sheriff. La Cooperación also sent out placard-wielding marchers against the tourist development being enthusiastically promoted by the region's "Marlboro Country" ranchers and local businessmen. When an airport proposed in 1974 for nearby Chama was heralded as a lure for hunters, skiers and snowmobilers who, it was said, would boost Rio Arriba's impoverished economy, the activist network mobilized; no jets will be flying into Rio Arriba in the near future. As Archuleta explains the opposition to tourism, "Then our people would have the jobs they talk about all right—cleaning up the shit of tourists and hunters who have no respect for our culture and get mad when we speak Spanish . . . [also] we saw it as a move to use tourism as a front to bring in rich outsiders and buy our lands."

Another sore point addressed by the new militants was the high level of police brutality throughout the 6,000 square-mile county. Target of this organized protest in late 1975 (it featured a burning in effigy) was the invincible strong man of Rio Arriba for a quarter-century, the county's top political and police boss and archenemy of La Cooperación, Emilio Naranjo.

The years since 1967 had also taught the activists patience with the courts and cunning with the media. National Lawyers Guild attorneys have been settling in Santa Fe since the early 1970s. Both in the city's public defender's office and in private practice, these aggressive, ideologically unified lawyers broke tradition in the north, where lawyers, both Anglo and Chicano, had been fleecing poor villagers for years. As Cooperación attorney Morty Simon explains remote northern New Mexico's attraction for these largely East Coast professionals, "You can say Rio Arriba is twenty years behind the times, or you can see it as twenty years ahead. There's a strong Chicano community up there, with a greater understanding than most rural areas have of how our economy actually works."

At the expanding collection of sheds and temporary office buildings of La Cooperación, Pedro Archuleta proudly escorts a visitor through one particularly elegant but vacant building. He describes conference room interiors, legal aid offices, an audio-visual studio—all of which will be buzzing with activity once this or that private grant comes through. A recent fallow period in fund raising and Archuleta's and Morales's preoccupations with their grand jury problems have left the "Taller Grafico," the silk-screen print shop, darkened and piled high with unmailed 1977 calendars decorated with folksy, adobe village scenes. However, La Clinica's waiting room bustles with pregnant magazine readers; a brand-new, fully equipped maternity ward is ready for their babies.

Three hundred yards from La Clinica/La Cooperación, and a century of sociopolitical evolution behind it, looms the *palazzo*-style Tierra Amarilla courthouse, colorful symbol of the patronage system dominated by Emilio Naranjo. Cream paint on the exterior has obliterated the blood stains of lawmen who were held hostage during the raid a decade earlier. Inside, clerks and officials scuttle up and down stairways that have been paneled over since Tijerina's angry men held the officers inside and shot up the town outside. Nearly all of these sixty-eight full-time employees and sixteen part-timers owe their livelihoods to Emilio Naranjo.

As intermediary between Anglo institutions and his own people's desperate poverty, the traditional Spanish-American *patron* wielded great power. Then, in the late 19th century, the patron system adapted neatly to electoral politics. With family roots deep in Rio Arriba, and a born gift for favor-brokering, Naranjo was cut out for the role of 20th-century patron. "The political workings we have achieved are designed specifically for the good of our residents," Naranjo insists today. "I have never had the money to buy votes. But I don't believe there is a single family in Rio Arriba County that does not owe me a personal favor of one kind or another. After all, I have been working in politics here since I was 12."

The 58-year-old sheriff is surprisingly tiny, and the voice that issues from the handsome head with its hair dyed black (but for stylish frosted sideburns) is strangely squeaky, as if to verify reports that he is growing deaf. He is rumored to be a ladies' man, with children all over Rio Arriba—one newspaper claimed seventeen. He takes pride in his own family tree. "Two captains named

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Naranjo rode here with Onate (the 16th-century founder of New Mexico). My great, great grandparents possessed the same land on the Española land grant that I have today."

Naranjo's father, Alexandrino, was a dedicated Democratic Party boss before becoming Rio Arriba County sheriff himself. From the hamlet of Guachupangue, where he was raised, Naranjo observed how a shrewd man can spread a web of personal obligations which can be bartered for political power. From membership in the county's Young Democrats in the 1940s, Naranjo ascended the ladder of political positions before becoming the county's Democratic Party chairman in 1952. He left that post when the Kennedy administration, reportedly at the behest of Sen. Joseph Montoya, Naranjo's protector in Washington, made him U.S. Marshal in gratitude for having delivered a solid Rio Arriba vote. When Naranjo became sheriff in 1960, his popularity was backed up with police power.

Not that the man stopped working at being liked. "He'd drive to Chama in a snowstorm to help someone, if he knew that come election time they'd help him," says newspaper editor Bob Trapp, a long-time critic of the man. (Trapp's unrelenting exposure of corruption in Naranjo's kingdom through his shoestring weekly, the Española, N. Mex. *Rio Grande Sun*, has brought threatening calls to his reporters; recently a dead Doberman was thrown on one writer's doorstep.) Naranjo's reputation for generosity, continues Trapp, is notorious. "I've heard he'll go up to a family at a funeral and give them $50 to help them out."

Although Naranjo had bristled when I touched on the subject of bought votes, Trapp recalls, "He's dead now so I can tell the story. Old Matt Chacon, whose seat Emilio now occupies in the Senate, told me about a time when Emilio and he were running against each other. Matt went to his home town of Vallecitos to check on things and they told him not to worry. When he lost and Vallecitos went for Emilio, Matt went back up there to ask what the hell happened. These people were his relatives. They said, 'Oh, Emilio came the night before voting and gave me $50.'" In northern New Mexico, where one voter can control fifty family votes, the candidate with a fistful of dollars, job offers and veiled threats generally triumphs.

Naranjo's power extends beyond his county's borders. "If you want Rio Arriba machine support for governor, the going price is now about $10,000," Trapp estimates. "I had a guy complain to me that he wanted to run for county commissioner and Emilio wanted $2,000 before he'd let him run." For landing one of the estimated 400 to 500 precious jobs Naranjo controls—in county government, the Santa Fe State House, and federal programs—the cost is said to be $200 up front, in addition to $50 come election time, plus hard door-to-door precinct work. Like the deputies who perform his bidding, Naranjo can muscle on his own. "Emilio can be very charming," says Trapp, "and very ruthless. I've talked with people who've seen him take someone right outside a conference room during a county meeting and slap him around to get him to vote right, then send him back into the meeting." Said one beer drinker in an Española bar who begged not to be named, "Emilio has become the sort of man no one will say anything about except that he's a very kind and generous man we're afraid of."

Until this spring the northern activists' struggle against Naranjo's stranglehold on the county seemed to be gaining ground. In a celebrated lawsuit their lawyers proved that a series of predawn police attacks in November 1975, on the homes of La Cooperación supporters, and involving the ransacking of La Clinica itself, were blatantly illegal. Sheriff Naranjo was fined $8,000 and told to keep his hands off the northerners unless he had search warrants signed by a judge. Next, the trial of Moises Morales on charges of marijuana possession turned into a dramatic exposé of wildly illegal activities within Sheriff Naranjo's department. Morales was cleared; highlighting the testimony were accounts from two ex-Rio Arriba County lawmen that dope planting was common practice among Naranjo's deputies. Then the state's crusading attorney, a diminutive man with a reputation for courting publicity named Toney Anaya, began investigating the inner sanctum of Rio Arriba County government. His probe has produced indictments against two of Naranjo's lieutenants in the T.A. Courthouse for misuse of public funds.

But newspaper accounts heralding the demise of Naranjo's reign were premature. Before an astonished state citizenry the strong man had his County Commission invent the post of "law-enforcement coordinator"—a job no law official in the state had ever heard of—and resigned as sheriff to take up the new $14,000-a-year position. As further display of his amazing resiliency, Naranjo was chosen to fill the prestigious post of Rio Arriba state Senator, vacated last winter when Chacon dropped dead in his state capitol office. Finally, Attorney General Anaya's attempts to oust Naranjo personally

Emilio Naranjo

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have backfired; when Anaya then tried in court to attack the legitimacy of Naranjo's new coordinator post, testimony by well-known Naranjo supporters cleared the new Senator.

"In the past," says editor Trapp, "there would be no FBI or IRS investigation [of Naranjo] because Joe [ex-Senator Montoya] would get on the phone and stop it. But last election Montoya was voted out after twelve years. Maybe something will happen, but I think it will have to come from the federal level." Meanwhile most New Mexico observers were predicting that it would take considerably more than Anaya's stabs to knock off the north's godfather, and overturn the entrenched patron system in Rio Arriba.

Meanwhile, in a spooky, cavernous one-time warehouse in a run-down industrial neighborhood of Albuquerque, the mesmerizer who first turned the national spotlight on Rio Arriba and Chicano land loss a decade ago, paces in the shadows. Reies Lopez Tijerina is 50 years old now. A paunch has not diminished his characteristic eruptive gesturing, his blazing hazel eyes, nor the scatter-gun aim of his fiery rhetoric.

The man's influence has decidedly declined in the north. Indeed, his former personal bodyguard, Moises Morales, now declares, "He promised us money for lawyers [after the 1967 raid]. The money never came. One of my relatives had to sell some land to pay for my legal expenses. If he ever comes to the north, we'll chase him out." But Mexican officialdom appears to have breathed new life into Tijerina's national stature as a sort of Chicano elder statesman and land-grant spokesman. Today Tijerina claims to have been picked by President Lopez Portillo to negotiate a settlement with heirs to forty-six Texas land grants who were paid no compensation when Mexico and the United States signed a land-exchange treaty in 1941. Along with handing out $400 million to these heirs through Tijerina, Mexico is publishing his autobiography, *Mi Lucha por la Tierra* (My Battle for the Land), produced in three months of marathon handwriting that began with a ritualized thirty-day fast, and released last year the first of two films on his life, *Chicano* (the Mexican town of Texcoco doubled for Tierra Amarilla). Tijerina showed it in New Mexico this June on the tenth anniversary of the raid.

The years since 1967 have noticeably embittered him. Constantly in and out of prison for charges stemming from the raid and other protest acts, Tijerina was held from January 1970 to July 1971 at the Springfield, Mo. federal psychiatric facility—"like a Soviet dissident" he says. While he underwent a series of involuntary tests, his family was suffering extreme harassment. According to Tijerina, his wife was evicted and his children withdrawn from school because of threats to their lives. Then, Tijerina claims, his wife was sexually attacked by an Albuquerque special police agent named Frank Zenorio when she was in a "weakened condition, which amounts to rape under New Mexico law." His son was allegedly raped by another Albuquerque lawman, Albert Vega. Both men were dropped from the force; Vega was required to have psychiatric care.

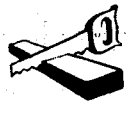
As to his reduced stature in the north, Tijerina derides the new crop of community organizers up there as "Marxist." He points to one La Raza Unida leader who had called him an opportunist. "I didn't hear his name until two years ago. He's like a modern child that doesn't appreciate what his parents are doing, and they'd rather go to a commune and sleep in ditches and be fucked by everybody than to be with their fathers. But I think five years from now he's going to be reading my autobiography. You can never compare what is happening with La Clinica to a land recovery movement."

At La Clinica, however, the land-grant recovery question has evolved for Pedro Archuleta into "a class struggle now, the poor people against the rich. It's not Emilio Naranjo; it's the ranchers and businessmen." Attorney Simon echoes that attitude: "The issue is not really Emilio but how the political system works hand in hand with the economic system. Thank God Emilio made some overt mistakes that could be attacked. It's a lot harder if you get somebody that's really smooth, who puts a liberal veneer on things. Then you end up with your ski basins and tourist traps and the people's land is all gone and you don't know how it happened."

While Simon was expressing those forebodings, more than $200,000 in New Mexico state funds were being allotted to expand boating and sport-fishing facilities in Rio Arriba state parks, and the county's Chamber of Commerce was holding sessions with public relations firms to "turn around the idea that 'tourism' is a dirty word." In addition, the city of Albuquerque was planning to divert water it receives from the San Juan-Chama Rivers for a tourist-oriented lake in Abiquin, Georgia O'Keeffe's famous retreat and one of the most beautiful, unspoiled corners of Rio Arriba.

Shuttled in August to a Chicago jail to appear before the second grand jury, Pedro Archuleta was again adamant: "You can put me in jail for a year or ten years and I will never talk. . . . In me you see the spirit of Emiliano Zapata, Francisco Villa and Pedro Albizu Campos . . . fighting for justice." As a result, he is now locked up until he talks in Chicago instead of New York. His partner outside, Moises Morales, warns that "if the Attorney General [Anaya] doesn't start indicting Emilio and those guys in the courthouse, we've got to start blasting again; marches, rallies, all of it all over again."

Emilio himself stands tall as ever, despite the flood of uncomplimentary publicity about his Mayor Daley-like domination of Rio Arriba. Tijerina, too, has been making menacing sounds. In November, he informed me, his parole would be lifted. "Then watch me. My book will be out; I will be ready to do something, and it will be juicy." The familiar stage is set for a repetition of a violent style of frontier confrontation that seems to plague northern New Mexico like an ancient curse. □



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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Language of the Unheard

POOR PEOPLE'S MOVEMENTS: Why They Succeed, How They Fail. *By Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward. Pantheon Books. 384 pp. $12.95.*

A PASSION FOR EQUALITY: George Wiley and the Movement. *By Nick Kotz and Mary Lynn Kotz. W.W. Norton & Co. 359 pp. $8.95.*

JACK BEATTY

The poor people of Frances Fox Piven and Richard Cloward's title include the working class as well as the unemployed poor; their study is an analysis of four occasions in our recent history when these poor people defied the psychic and social forces which ordinarily inhibit and contain them, and sought to improve their condition by mass action movements. The burden of this history of the unemployed workers' and organized workers' movements of the 1930s and the civil rights and welfare rights movements of the 1960s is that the poor cannot rely on either organization or the ballot to advance their interests; the only means they have of securing justice is disruptive protest. Piven and Cloward recognize that protest involves risks for the poor, but they maintain, in effect, that without showing their willingness to bleed the poor will gain nothing.

The authors scorn the "sentimental solutions and symbolic gestures" of the politics of altruism; they see the will to reform in this country as a direct response to pressure from below. They align themselves with the poor yet they are plainly pledged to telling the truth, and one must admire their objectivity and the theoretical rigor of their commitment. Their book is of the first importance; it is bound to have a wide and various influence; and it is disturbing.

Piven and Cloward are saying that the poor will be ignored so long as they abide by the rules of our political life. How are they to be heard? They cannot lobby, they cannot withdraw their capital, the unemployed cannot strike. The only weapon they have is the threat to withhold legal and moral participation in society. Rent strikes, crime, civic disruptions are the politics of the poor.

Most of the time, however, the poor do not use these tactics. For them to do so it takes a social dislocation such as a period of mass unemployment or a full-scale migration from the country to the city, or a dramatic break with the habits and expectations of daily life; it takes a widening of distress great enough for men and women to see that what they had thought were personal failings are actually public wrongs. Such crises are very rare. It follows that protest movements are rare. They are contingent on the gradual accretions of social and economic change. They cannot be created; they must be awaited. And when they come the leaders of the poor must press for every advantage, for as soon as the crisis shows signs of abating elite groups will regain their confidence and ignore or repress the poor.

Of the four movements covered, the authors' interpretation of the industrial workers' movement of the 1930s is by far the most surprising and presents the best evidence for their thesis that the pursuit of electoral influence is illusory for the poor. That working people in the 1930s were able to win legislative and economic influence through the power of organization is an article of the national faith. The authors say it is also a myth. Striking workers won greater concessions from the government in the early years of the Depression, *before* they were organized: "Their power was not rooted in organization but in their capacity to disrupt the economy." The other source of their sudden power was bound up in the growth of their numbers: by the early 1930s industrial workers comprised 40 percent of the national work force. This is the precondition for a signal change in the government's handling of unions; for the first time in our history the state could not afford to use force to break strikes.

The authors remind us that those ugly armories in our cities were built after the Haymarket Riot in the late 19th century to put the fear of God into workers; that the state of Colorado had once had to issue "insurrectionary bonds" to finance the campaigns of its militia against labor; that on some 160 occasions during this period federal troops put down strikes, bloodily. It has been estimated that between 1902 and 1904, 198 strikers were shot dead and over 1,000 wounded; and repression of this sort continued with intermittent ferocity right up to the 1920s. "Everything and all things," Eugene Debs had every reason to wail, "are on the side of the corporations."

In the 1930s the government went from suppressing unions to sponsoring them. "The President wants you to organize"—this message, blared from sound trucks in the United Mine Workers organizing drive in the early 1930s marks the immensity of the change. There were still bloody strikes in the 1930s; the authors fix the tone of the day with such details as the fact that in 1937 Republic Steel was the country's leading purchaser of tear gas. But now it was a fight between labor and the corporations; there were no federal troops. The strikes were for the most part unorganized—workers seized their plants, projectionists stopped their movies, counter girls at Liggett's locked out their managers—and they were successful. They won gains from the companies and support, in the shape of the NIRA and the Wagner Act which guaranteed their right to bargain collectively, from the federal government. Disruptive tactics worked.

But the unions began to perform the mollifying role the authors find characteristic of the organizations which form around the insurgency of the poor. After organizing the workers they signed contracts with the companies which disavowed the tactics by which their members had won so much. They also sought to channel the angry current of insurgency into the sedate waters of electoral politics. They failed in both areas. For now that the wave of strikes had subsided and the threat to the national economy had eased, the Roosevelt administration was under no pressure to aid labor. "A plague on both your houses," Roosevelt said to labor and management in the "Little Steel" strike of the late 1930s, and labor lost. The companies gradually realized that in the union contract they had a device which assured them of uninterrupted production. There would be no more wildcat strikes; the unions will undertake to discipline their own

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members. This is the period of the "labor statesman," of whom George Meany is the perfect type—a leader who could boast to a group of businessmen in the 1950s that he never led a strike.

In 1939 the Supreme Court declared sit-down strikes illegal, while the CIO commenced a purge of the Communists in its ranks. This was the start of a roll-back the scope of which the authors emphasize by pointing out that the decade beginning with the Wagner Act would end for labor with the Taft-Hartley Act limiting the rights of unions in industrial disputes and giving the government wartime powers over the unions. For thirty years the unions have lobbied to repeal this act. They are now no closer to success than when they began. If the unions, the authors sensibly ask, with their massive numbers, swelling treasuries, and vaunted influence in the Democratic Party, have failed so signally to exert legislative influence, what hope can the smaller, poorer, black organizations entertain of successfully lobbying for their interests? Piven and Cloward conclude that "the unorganized disruptions of the 1930s produced some political gains, but the organized electoral activities of the unions could not sustain them."

The next insurgency of the poor came from the Southern blacks. Their movement was in the first place political, aimed at securing the right to vote in the Southern states, but also contained a demand for economic equality with the white majority. Piven and Cloward trace their progress toward the first goal and point out that they fell far short of the second. I can only recommend their chapter to the reader and pass on to one of the consequences of the civil rights movement, the spreading of a spirit of embattled dignity and defiance to all blacks, including those of the middle class such as George Wiley, a young Syracuse University professor of rather conventional political views. Within six months of Birmingham, Wiley was arrested at a demonstration and spent three days in a Syracuse jail where the brutality with which the poor black prisoners were treated shocked him profoundly. This was the start of his tragically brief but extraordinary career as a poor people's activist.

Wiley, who died in a boating accident in 1973, is the subject of an admiring biography by Nick and Mary Lynn Kotz. In their zeal to light up Wiley, the Kotzes neglect a little the generous people who aided his movement with time and money, and not all Wiley's friends will be happy with their discussion of Wiley's marriage. Still they have produced an able and interesting life of a remarkably appealing figure.

Wiley was born, in 1931, in Warwick, R.I., into middle-class circumstances. His parents were hard-working, high-minded people, who imbued their children with the 19th-century virtues of hard work, self-discipline and self-reliance. Following their prescripts Wiley was monotonously first in a succession of tests of his social and intellectual powers; from boyhood through graduate school he moved in a largely white world, and seems to have felt that merely by offering such an impressive example he was improving the lot of black people. The man who held these apolitical Emersonian views of the power of right example, who was himself a paladin of the individualistic virtues, would make his major mark on the world as the leader of a movement of welfare recipients, the pariahs of our individualistic order. The Kotzes rightly make much of these facts for Wiley's capacity for moral and imaginative growth was the most impressive thing about him.

When the civil rights movement overtook Wiley in Syracuse he was already one of the half-dozen top people in organic chemistry, and there was talk of his winning a Nobel Prize some day. Wiley envisioned his scientific work as dedicated to the Baconian goal of relieving the condition of mankind. But there were other paths to the same end, and in 1965, having long been active in the Syracuse branch of CORE, he accepted the offer of national CORE to be its chief administrator.

In 1966 the director of CORE, James Farmer, resigned and at the organization's annual convention the delegates were asked to choose between Wiley and Floyd McKissick as his successor. Wiley outlined a plan for converting the civil rights insurgency into a movement for social and economic justice, which would require the support of white liberals. Many CORE delegates disagreed; they favored the development of black culture, and agreed with McKissick that the role of whites in the movement should be reduced. They also held Wiley's white wife against him, which was ironic since it had been the forceful and intellectually impressive Wretha Wiley who had first challenged George Wiley's complacent faith in America. But this was the era of "black power" and to the CORE delegates the impeccably black Floyd McKissick seemed more a man of the moment than Wiley. McKissick won, and Wiley resigned from CORE convinced that the civil rights movement had left the lives of the black poor untouched.

Piven and Cloward now enter Wiley's story; they present Wiley with a plan for mobilizing the poor. They have found that a great many more people are eligible for public assistance than have applied for it. They recommend getting these people on the welfare rolls, and generally increasing the demands on the welfare system in order to create a political and fiscal crisis which will spiral from the cities to the states, forcing mayors and governors to lobby for federal assistance to meet the crisis. This bold plan—nothing less than "A Strategy to End Poverty," as the authors called it in a *Nation* article in May 1966—became the master strategy of the National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO) which Wiley started later that year with $5,000 of his own money.

A LEMON ODE FOR NERUDA

Charmless and strange
At the same time,
The lemon can be opened
To interpretations,
Can encourage dispute,
Ignore abuse, absolve itself
From doubt.
(Never doubt the lemon!)

Solemnity can be forgotten
Like an apricot
Wrapped in newsprint
But not the lemon!
The lemon is always evident,
Elegant, elemental,
Swimming in clarity,
Washed in kitchen-light.

Is the lemon an oboe
On its way to an island
Because you say so?
Only the lemon
Can imagine its own precision,
Though the undecided lemon
Is more precise.

The lemon, audacious,
Drips on the barometer,
Occupies a chair.
The lemon,
As it grows, reaches.

The lemon, reckless,
Thinks, suffers,
Hopes and constantly recites
Like the cousin
Who reminds you of a saint.

The lemon, as it burns, overflows.
The lemon, which is sour,
Makes demands.

James Galvin

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NWRO's organizers spread the word in the targeted cities that welfare recipients were eligible for more benefits. There were demonstrations and sit-ins at welfare offices; there were marches; there were even a few welfare riots. Within months the welfare rolls began a dramatic rise. The pressure grew for fiscal relief.

This was all Piven and Cloward thought could be accomplished. The crisis had been created; the thing to do now was to keep the pressure on. Wiley agreed that the local disruptions should continue, but he wanted at the same time to build a national organization which could lobby for a bill favorable to welfare recipients. Moreover, he feared that without a national organization to protect them welfare insurgents would be vulnerable to political reprisal, and with the climate of reaction growing, his fear was well-founded. It was a perfect case of the dilemma Piven and Cloward have since analyzed: the moment when a poor people's movement turns away from disruptive protest and embraces the illusion that it can exert legislative influence. Starting in 1968 the bulk of NWRO's finances and energies went into building a national organization; the mobilizing of welfare recipients, the demonstrations, the disruptive protests, dropped off. The crisis atmosphere in the cities and states dissipated, and the momentum for welfare reform in the Congress weakened. NWRO lobbied hard and effectively from 1969 to 1972 to defeat the miserly Nixon Family Assistance Plan but there was nothing else for it to do: the insurgency by which it had been sustained had ended. Wiley left NWRO in late 1972; the organization itself soon went bankrupt.

There prevails among the authors of these two books a surprising unanimity of opinion as to the causes of NWRO's demise, but the Piven-Cloward plan itself does not figure among them. Yet one must indeed wonder about the wisdom of a plan which had as its professed aim, as the authors write in their chapter on NWRO, the creation "of an electoral dissensus—the extreme polarization of major electoral constituencies." Anyone who remembers the urban politics of that time will recall that their plan succeeded only too well. You could not talk to a cabdriver or a counterman, a waitress or a barber without hearing a bitter diatribe against the welfare poor. In city after city political candidates pandered to this working-class anger over the rise in the welfare rolls, and many of them were elected. Nixon, with his talk about the "work ethic," appealed to the same sentiment, and the 1972 Republican vote from the cities was so unprecedentedly heavy in working-class districts as to give rise to predictions that the Republicans had a "new American majority." Here was electoral dissensus with a vengeance.

Piven and Cloward did not anticipate so extreme a reaction; one must in fairness say that. But from the start their plan was a counsel of desperation, for by the time they went to Wiley they had, as they admit, given up hope that the problems at the root of the welfare shortages—the structural problems of underemployment and unemployment—could be addressed by a mass movement. Yet something could be done: millions of the poor could be got on the welfare rolls, and Piven and Cloward provided the impetus that got them there. Their plan worked in the short run, but strategies which divide the unemployed from the working poor are in the long run dangerous. They isolate the poor and make them vulnerable to repression, and they divide people who, in a country where the distribution of income has not changed in thirty years, should be the closest of allies.

This, at any rate, is the lesson Wiley seems to have drawn from NWRO's experiment with the politics of polarization. Looking back on the movement he stated his belief that "the success of those with wealth and power has come from manipulating all of us to fight among ourselves, to act against our own economic self-interest, which has allowed the maldistribution of wealth to continue." And just before his death he had begun a new Movement for Economic Justice which was to unite the underemployed and the unemployed in a class-based politics of solidarity. If this is a visionary scheme it is an historically necessary vision, and how one wishes Wiley, with his rare energies of hope and his extraordinary practical powers, were here to help realize it. □

The Mann Letters (Part II)

LEONARD KRIEGEL

The first part of this essay appeared in last week's issue.

One does not really want the correspondence of Mann to represent anything other than the writer as intellectual. And there is something essentially institutional about Mann's correspondence, as if, fully cognizant of his role and the lines of descent which had placed him so visibly within the grand structure of European humanism, he had come to look upon himself as something greater than an individual writer. His correspondence is particularly interesting when it is addressed to another writer who has been institutionalized by that culture, a man who moves not so much among his fellow men as beyond them. That Herman Hesse accepted such a role with far less alacrity than Mann does not change the essence of their relationship to each other and to European humanism. Both Mann and Hesse came to view comparisons between them as invidious attempts to divide achievements that had a common origin and a common goal, what Theodore Ziolkowski, in his excellent introduction to *The Hesse/Mann Letters,* describes as a coming together, a merging of substance, in the remnants of postwar Europe.

> For the major novels that they had written during their wartime separation—Hesse's *The Glass Bead Game* (1943) and Mann's *Doctor Faustus* (1947)—depict with frightening accuracy the final disintegration of that bourgeois world (called by Hesse "The Age of *Feuilleton*") from which they had originally emerged and to which each was bound in a tension of love and hatred. Both works, moreover, voice a faith in humanism as the only possible response to that disintegration if total chaos and anarchy are not to result.

The Hesse/Mann Letters is a fascinating correspondence, a kind of grafting of a disintegrating European bourgeois culture onto a world view from which the artist must pull the fragments of a past that is both collective and individual. The book might easily have been entitled *From These Ruins.* And it is no more than a further demonstration of that irony Mann loved, and which colors his fiction like the play of sun on stained glass, that Hesse should now displace him in the affections of those of the young who still read. It is a displacement for reasons neither would have approved nor, for that matter, even understood. In Mann, mysticism is invariably bounded by the irony which permeates

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all reality. Historical consciousness can extend myth, but myth is subservient. Today, Hesse is read as a kind of disembodied spirit floating to oneness with the universe. He is the Western voice from the East, and his popularity seems to me an expression of a romanticism so inverted that what was tough and natural in his work is superseded by what is mystical—rooted, perhaps, in his Schwabian pietism.

Interestingly enough, however, it is Hesse who is the more concrete of the two in this correspondence. Many of these letters touch upon politics, on the life of the writer in exile and the writer who has renounced the country of his origins because of what it threatens to the idea of humanism. Perhaps Hesse's advantage here is that he maintained a stubborn pacifism from the start, which may be the sole recourse available to the humanist. Having moved to Switzerland in 1911, he refused to involve himself in the German war effort during World War I, other than in a humanitarian capacity. His pacifism resulted in a series of essays attacking the war, which alienated many of his readers in Germany. And these essays were being written and published at the same time that Mann was writing the essays which were to be collected in 1918 as *Betrachtungen Eines Unpolitischen (Memoirs of an Unpolitical Man)*, a book in which he openly assumes the role of political conservative and emerges as a kind of semi-official defender of high German culture before the onslaught of Western democracy.

Erich Heller has dealt brilliantly with this aspect of Mann's thought and writing in his *Thomas Mann: The Ironic German* (still, to my knowledge, the best book written on Mann in English, although it is now almost twenty years since its original publication). Mann himself acknowledges the stubborn integrity of Hesse's position when he writes him, soon after the end of World War II, with the Europe of their mutual humanist longing a charnel house waiting to be patched and mended by the highest bidder for its ruins, "You were resisting the German power-madness most articulately at a time when I was still engaged in a romantic-Protestant defense of a Germany that was both counterrevolutionary and hostile to civilization." It was Hesse who was to remain the more truly "nonpolitical" man, for he was tough enough to view all states, all societies, as inherent enemies of the artist's function. The writer's allegiance is to the truth, and there is nothing the state desires less.

From the start of his career, Mann viewed himself as a public figure. And this, I suspect, accounts for a certain sententiousness that one finds in his letters. His politics were to become public. The most unromantic of writers, he possessed a remarkably vague, sometimes mushy, view of the political exigencies of his time. If he is rightfully praised for his attempts to maintain the wartime unity between the Soviet Union and the United States, the rhetoric with which he makes that attempt is embarrassing and naive. He misreads both the times and forces involved. And his humanism often disintegrates into a verbal sentimentality when he speaks about politics, in which the word and the deed are mysteriously fused in his own mind. He lived in the United States for fifteen years, and yet, based upon the remarks in these letters, it remained for him a country whose virtues and vices were beyond his understanding. He was much too European, too much involved in his own past, to live comfortably with the kind of energy that had been unloosed on these shores. The result was predictable. His Whitmanesque love of the United States, itself artificial, is ultimately supplanted by a sense of betrayal and distrust.

As a pacifist, Hesse was less dependent upon political illusions. While Mann's politics move from the rather heavy conservatism of the *Memoirs of an Unpolitical Man* to the universalist sentiments, vaguely democratic and vaguely socialist, of the post-World War II years, Hesse remains rooted to the artist's psychological anarchism. He distrusts all systems, all parties, and all ideologies. As Ziolkowski notes, "Just as Hesse's home represented a fixed point to which Mann often returned, both literally and figuratively, in the course of his worldwide wanderings, his political views constituted a stable frame of reference against which Mann's shifting ideas could be measured." More isolated, Hesse was, paradoxically enough, the less naive. He never desired the role of public spokesman, a role which Mann embraced eagerly. Added to his monumental shyness, and his furious desire for privacy was Hesse's deep, almost paranoid, suspicion of the ways in which the world threatens the artist's integrity by popularizing his vision, of making it something which is finally not his alone.

Even here, Mann's view of himself rarely relaxes. Quite simply, he is a great writer, an important man. Hesse's tone, originally more Schwabian, soon comes to match Mann's. Perhaps the two most representative letters in this fascinating collection touch on what must have been a terrible tragedy in Mann's life, the suicide of his son, Klaus. Hesse's letter of condolence is a kind of critical assessment of the dead son's writings; Mann's answer takes up the critical tone and seems to compare the work of the dead son to the living father. Mann was, apparently, an indulgent father, and yet his sense of himself as the last bourgeois artist must have been overwhelming for his children. One sees in his correspondence the expense of living with history as a conscious choice.

The Hesse/Mann Letters. Edited by Anni Carlsson and Volker Michels. Translated from the German by Ralph Mannheim. Annotations by Wolfgang Sauerlander. Foreword by Theodore Ziolkowski. Harper & Row. 196 pp. $10.

An Exceptional Friendship: The Correspondence of Thomas Mann and Erich Kahler. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Cornell University Press. 196 pp. $10.

Mythology and Humanism: The Correspondence of Thomas Mann and Karl Kerényi. Translated from the German by Alexander Gelley. Cornell University Press. 231 pp. $10.

It is an expense that is never long absent. One sees it again in Mann's correspondence with the intellectual historian and philosopher, Erich Kahler, an exchange of letters that is not only prescient with humanist wisdom but which is also soothingly personal. With Kahler, Mann does not have to be quite so great a man. *An Exceptional Friendship* is the title chosen by Richard and Clara Winston, the translators of this volume, which is an improvement over the title under which most of these letters appeared in German, *Briefwechsel Im Exil,* and which is also a more accurate reflection of the state of feeling that existed between the two men. If Thomas Mann is the great artist of European humanism, his work the high-water mark of a conception of culture that is bound to disappear, then Erich Kahler can be considered the embodiment of what that humanism

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conceived of as the life of the mind at its most fruitful, melding the abstract and the concrete as it examined the nature of reality with intelligence as well as with compassion. Kahler was ten years younger than Mann, and his relationship to the older man was to be that of a younger brother rather than disciple.

There is something refreshingly middle-class in this correspondence, a warmth, a sense of familial loyalty and shared pain in exile, that is not to be found in most of Mann's correspondence. Kahler is Mann's vantage point for movement in a less public world in which ceremony can be replaced by private discourse. To the Mann children, he is like an uncle. The tone of the letters is warm, the recognitions that exist between the two men are encompassed by their mutual respect and affection. Where Hesse and Mann, as Ziolkowski says, "explicitly invoke the memory of the Weimar Dioscuri," the official tone of the correspondence between Mann and Kahler soon evaporates, to be replaced by a strong personal affection between the two men. In *An Exceptional Friendship,* one watches the mutual attraction unfold, particularly on Mann's part, so that "My dear Herr von Kahler" of the first letter in 1931 becomes the "Dear, good friend Erich" of the last letter, written in 1955 from a hospital bed in Zurich where Mann is waiting to die.

Why should Mann have found Kahler so attractive? The surface reasons are obvious enough. Kahler was possessed of an extraordinary critical intelligence; he found in Mann's work the fictional embodiment of the quests he himself was to pursue as a philosopher of history; and he and Mann shared an exile that might even be termed "eloquent" in the work it pulled forth from them (Mann wrote most of the *Joseph* tetralogy, *Lotte in Weimar*, and *Doctor Faustus* while in exile, while most of Kahler's work, amazingly enough, was done in English, a language he did not really begin to write until he was almost 50). And yet there is something else, something that goes beyond a shared exile, just as it goes beyond the natural sympathy which soon enveloped them. Mann was a German among the Germans, a man in whose work the German literary tradition had come to its most complete fulfillment since Goethe, a writer who had superbly fused modernism and tradition to help rescue the novel at a crucial period in its history. Erich Kahler, on the other hand, was a Jew. A German, a scholar, a man in whom the passionate need for a living humanism could be found in every sentence. But still a Jew; who must, even before he dropped the prefix of nobility when he arrived in America, have been aware of the distance between himself and the problems of "Germanism" he had set about to analyze. It is still rather stunning to recognize the extent to which German humanist scholarship was dominated by Jews prior to the advent of Nazism. It is almost as if the German Jew searches for that "other Germany" even before the real one sets about to destroy him for the sin of not being German. Kahler's first letter to Mann, which opens their correspondence in March of 1931, must haunt the intellectual historian, for it mocks the humanism that fathered both Mann and Kahler.

> . . . with Germanness what is involved is a still fluid type, one which has not yet reached its specific character, which is still in the process of becoming. If, therefore, it is to be grasped as an organic whole, it must be excavated from its historical conditions and supplemented by imaginary possibilities. This dynamic folk cannot be represented in terms of its potential traits. Thus it is necessary to write "history," but a special kind of physiognomic history: the history of the evolution of the German character. To complicate the matter further, there is the universality of this German character, so that the history of the human race is involuntarily contained in this evolutionary account, and its beacon light must be made to blaze as well.

I can conceive of few passages which so effectively mock history. It is almost as if we are what we fail to anticipate.

Of the three volumes of letters which I have chosen to consider here, *Mythology and Humanism: The Correspondence of Thomas Mann and Karl Kerényi,* translated by Alexander Gelley, is probably of greatest value to those who wish to trace first-hand Mann's intellectual obligations, to watch the manner in which a great novelist overwhelms his materials in the process of making them singularly his own. Even more than the correspondences with Kahler and Hesse, Mann's letters to and from Kerényi are eminently European. They seem, as a matter of fact, to spring out of the dying heart of a culture, and even more than the other letters they are what I had in mind when I spoke of how difficult it is to communicate to students about the European humanist idea, how impenetrable its framework now appears. In Edmund Wilson's *Europe Without Baedeker,* written as World War II moved slowly toward its end, one of the very few figures with whom Wilson feels sympathy is a Greek archaeologist for whom neither the Allied armies nor the Nazis pose any essential reality. It is the past alone which he pursues with relentless need, as if, in doing this, he can not only ignore the charnel house in which he is digging but change it by incorporating it into history, by elevating the past above the present.

Men like Wilson's archaeologist, men like Kerényi, have always been anachronisms—but in our time they are a kind of impossibility too. They pursue not a life but a conception of knowledge, a way of fitting their own times into an historical cycle whose glory remains that it is timeless because of time. There is something terribly shortsighted about this kind of thing—but there is something terribly brave about it, too. The anachronism seems self-willed. Before he died, Kerényi must have recognized that the humanism he held so precious was drawing to a close. There is a note of stoic resignation that one perceives in his allegiance to the idea itself. In one of his final letters to Mann, he indicates a willingness to measure what their joint legacy will be, but the note, for me at least, is sad and lingering, as if its author were not quite ready to let go of his own wished-for illusions.

> What we, old Europeans, can still teach the younger generation is simply and solely what ties together our factually oriented (and thus necessarily limited) education and the kind of receptivity and willingness to learn, both the old and the new, that comes from a feeling for quality born of intimate involvement with specific fields of knowledge. In publishing our correspondence, . . . I have always thought of this younger generation, in order to say to it: "Look! This is how we learn, undogmatically and yet not nihilistically, we old ones who embrace the whole range of bygone culture in all possible permutations!" How could we, in our inner being, exist otherwise?

Mann, of course, had already supplied his answer in *Doctor Faustus.* He was a novelist, and the novelist cannot lie—at least not in his novels, and to himself. Not that Kerényi ignored his times. No humanist possibly could. In a remarkable letter written in 1934, he writes to the self-exiled Mann about the intellectual and spiritual situation

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he had just observed on a trip to Heidelberg, that ancient university city which should have been the jewel in the crown of German humanism but in which he now sees "the fate of Hölderlin and Nietzsche monstrously multiplied, and the triumph of precisely that force against which only Hölderlin and Nietzsche represent a possible counterforce for men of intellect everywhere, not only in the German situation." The humanist longing to reach out to the young has always been evident; equally evident has been the young's refusal to follow. It was certainly evident in Heidelberg in 1934.

> I have watched this youth—a *whole* city—march out one Saturday evening in Heidelberg, in long columns, under flags and in uniforms marked by symbols of death; I was forced to listen to their battle songs and combat games the whole night through; this was perhaps the most sorrowful moment of my life, just because I am passionately devoted to a heroic youth.

It is, finally, a humanism defied by reality and mocked by history. The European humanism which Mann shared with Hesse, Kerényi, Kahler, Einstein and so many others had come to an end long before the piled bodies in the death camps were brought to the world's short-lived attention. The death of the humanist world had already been depicted, in Mann's own *The Magic Mountain*, in the historical studies of Kahler and the probings of myth and psychology that Kerényi claimed as his province. And it now offers us a different legacy than the one Mann had conceived. Between Felix Krull and Hans Castorp stands the growing shadow of Adrian Leverkuhn. It was a calm madness that Nazism bequeathed us, and it proves to be a barrier between us and our descendants, between us and their ability to understand the past we claim. We can recreate the world of the Zuni and the Apache for our students; we can move from the medieval *Minnesinger* to the parodistic insanity of Buñuel's films and impress them with our ability to make connections; but we cannot restore the lost world of European humanism because what it stood for laughs at our ambitions and beliefs. It is a world which should have come to a close with the publication of *Buddenbrooks*, but it lingered on, only to be surprised at its own funeral. Mann is said to have once urged Albert Einstein to read Kafka, but Einstein handed the book back, insisting that the world was not that complex.

Mann was a novelist, and it is only natural that he should have known better.

At the time my Dutch students were telling me they no longer bothered to read Thomas Mann, I happened, quite by accident, to be living in Mann's "beloved Noordwijk," a lovely coastal village situated roughly halfway between that most bourgeois of all cities, The Hague, and Amsterdam, a city in which Felix Krull might have been even happier than his creator intended him to be. Less than ten years earlier, shortly before he died in 1955, Mann had received the Order of Orange-Nassau from Queen Juliana, who knew what it was she was honoring in this 80-year-old public man. He had gone to his "beloved Noordwijk" where he stayed at the Huis ter Duin, a luxurious baroque-looking hotel situated directly on the beach overlooking the North Sea. I used to walk from my apartment at the other end of the strand to sit in a café across the street from the Huis ter Duin. I would stare at the windows of the hotel, then gaze out to the North Sea, wondering whether it was from one of these windows that Mann himself had looked out over the edge of this Europe he loved. I was 31 years old, and I had long since accepted the idea that writers were merely men who wrote. After all, Céline was a great writer, too. And yet, I suspect that I understood then exactly what it was Lukacs had been trying to say in that line I quoted about *Lotte in Weimar*. It was not really the book with which he had been concerned; it was, rather, with the way in which one great German artist had recreated the trials of another, and had, in the process, made both of them more human, more available, and more European. □

Heinrich Mann and Der Untertan

MICHAEL KOWAL

Of the few political novels written in this century that deserve to be called political and novels, Heinrich Mann's *Der Untertan* is among the best. It is also nearly forgotten. And this is the more surprising as it treats a crucial issue of our time, the conflict between authority and democratic principles, from a perspective which anticipates in many respects that scrutiny of established power undertaken in America over the past decade.

In an earlier work, *Professor Unrat* (1905), Heinrich Mann had already satirized the German bureaucratic state in one of its representative functionaries, the tyrannical high school (Gymnasium) teacher. For Professor Rat, whose name, meaning *counsel*, has been deformed into Unrat, *refuse*, the world consists of insubordinate students whose rebelliousness must be "checked." But his authority is based on fear, and when it is shaken by his involvement with the cabaret artiste Rosa Fröhlich, the result is an explosion of anarchic energies that nearly undermines the moral foundations of the entire town. Transferred to the highly eroticized milieu of Berlin in the 1920s, and shorn of most of its social implications, the novel was reborn as *The Blue Angel*, that harrowing fable of tyranny in the toils of sexual bondage. The film transformed political satire into erotic myth, and Heinrich Mann was right when he jestingly attributed its phenomenal success to "my head and Marlene Dietrich's legs."

The elder brother of Thomas Mann was born in Lübeck in 1871, and after an early brush with conservatism became one of the most outspoken and effective critics of the regime of Emperor Wilhelm II. He was that *rara avis*, a satirist of the Left, and his novels, vehement and eruptive, always ready to veer into caricature and the grotesque, are written in a brilliant style, capable of assimilating, like Balzac's, professional jargon, slang, advertising slogans, as well as the language of politics, the press, and the military. Along with the dramatists Frank Wedekind and Carl Sternheim, he excoriated the cultural pretensions and materialistic values of the bourgeoisie, and like them he was a shaping influence on the rising movement of Expressionism. But he also perceived, more clearly than many of his contemporaries, the dangerous currents of irrationality and violence that flowed beneath the ordered surface of German public life. And perhaps he was able to diagnose these tensions because they corresponded closely to elements in his own nature.

Nothing in Heinrich Mann's makeup is more striking than the contrast with his brother Thomas. If Thomas is the

Michael Kowal, who teaches English at Queens College, is the translator of Essays on European Literature *by Ernst Robert Curtius (Princeton University Press, 1973).*

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man of the intellect, skeptical and ironic, Heinrich is the man of the senses, in whom the Latin temperament inherited from his Portuguese mother predominates. These temperamental differences were accentuated by differences in outlook. Thomas Mann's models were the great Russian and Scandinavian epic narrators, while Heinrich found his influences in the 19th-century French realists, Balzac, Zola, Maupassant and above all, Flaubert. The conservative Thomas, representative and (at least outwardly) respectable, lived with his large family in a villa in Munich; Heinrich, the Bohemian and aesthete, led an unsettled existence among actresses and artists, was a lover of women, of the South and of the French Enlightenment, whose gaiety, tolerance, and *raison* he opposed to the dark allurements of the German romantic tradition. These differences led to an estrangement between the brothers that culminated during World War I in an outright break, Heinrich opting for the side of an international pacifism, Thomas defending a national conception of *Kultur* against French and Western "civilization." After the war, when Thomas's thinking changed, the brothers were reconciled, but by then it was apparent that the younger had learned all the lessons that the elder had to teach him.

Der Untertan or *The Loyal Subject* is Heinrich Mann's most important novel. Begun in 1912 and completed in 1914, it was prohibited by the censor and not published until 1918. The delay only served to heighten the work's remarkable prescience. It is the hair-raising chronicle, horrifying yet comic, of the "public psyche under Wilhelm II." This entity is embodied in Diederich Hessling, the son of a paper manufacturer in the small town of Netzig, who begins life as a "dreamy, delicate child, frightened of everything and troubled with constant earache," but who soon develops all the qualities of the bully. He is truculent to his inferiors and servile to his superiors. His studies take him to Berlin, where he joins a dueling fraternity, the *Neuteutonia*, and has an affair with the sickly, sensitive daughter of a business friend of his father's. When the girl's father pleads with him to marry her, Diederich refuses, ostensibly on moral grounds, but in fact because he realizes that the father's business is declining.

Though actually a weakling entirely devoid of religious or political convictions, Diederich has absorbed through the atmosphere of the Prussian capital a worship of force and a need to prostrate himself before this idol. His opportunity occurs one day when he sees "the glorious young Kaiser" face down a rabble of unemployed by glaring at them from his horse. His flashing eyes and turned-up mustache become models for Diederich's appearance and demeanor. The link between ruler and subject goes even further, however. For Diederich is able to identify himself so completely with the Emperor that he can, by some mystic sympathy, anticipate His Majesty's thinking, which he does on several occasions, and always to his own profit. Needless to say, an accord that embraces in one perfect circle of self-interest both master and underling is not to be scorned. Such a correspondence is possible, so Heinrich Mann seems to imply, only because Hessling and his imperial counterpart are products of the same fateful alliance between big business and the military that is ruling the destinies of Germany and driving it toward war.

The rest of the novel records Diederich's career in Netzig, where he takes charge of his father's factory and plunges into the struggle for power among the three political parties—the national conservatives, the social democrats, and the liberals. Here a theme emerges which will be familiar to the reader of *Buddenbrooks*: the decline of a family. Old Buck, leader of the liberals and the town's most distinguished citizen, is a true 19th-century democrat, but his lofty ideals of personal independence and civic responsibility are no match for the devious Hessling's compacts with the parties of the Left and the Right.

The plot, with its bewildering twists and turns, issues in two climaxes. In the first, Old Buck's son-in-law, the liberal factory owner Lauer, who shares profits with his workers, is brought to trial on a charge of *lèse-majesté* for carelessly remarking that most aristocratic families, including the Kaiser's, have intermarried with Jews. The charge, preferred by Diederich at the instance of the ambitious assistant state attorney Dr. Jadassohn, a converted Jew and nationalist, is considered ridiculous by the liberal town, and Diederich seems certain to lose. But contrary to expectation, the trial goes against Lauer, partly because it uncovers an affair between his wife Judith and one of the witnesses; and partly because the presiding judge is afraid of Wulckow,

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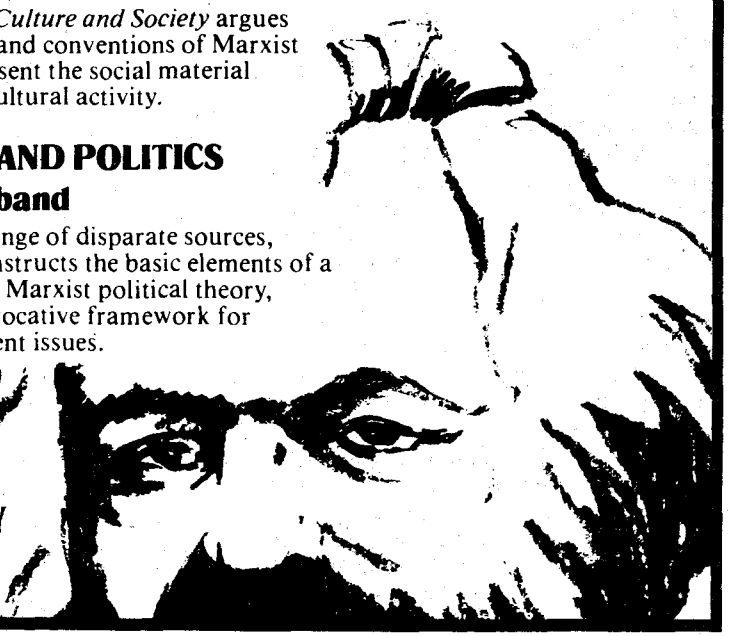

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Surrounded by air, we live where
a step ends the world. Nothing
begins where we look down. We never
take that other step. A blue wall
holds home together.

You in your home: birds weave
around you too something you
never dare touch. At night you
come in and are near: the world falls,
a long silent plunge through the sky.

William Stafford

the Federal governor, who enters dressed in hunting costume and riding boots, and diffuses an odor of sweat, dung and manly violence that quite literally corrupts the atmosphere in the courtroom. Lauer is convicted and sentenced to prison. The outcome, a victory for the nationalists, is a sign of the times. The defeat of the liberals, on the other hand, is related to the decay of the bourgeois values of the Enlightenment, for the civilized virtues of reason and tolerance are constantly threatened not only by the *Realpolitik* of socialists and nationalists who join forces against the liberals, but by the paralyzing skepticism, a result of disillusioned idealism, of the liberals themselves.

The second climax is apocalyptic. Diederich's triumph over his enemies is celebrated with the unveiling of the monument to Kaiser Wilhelm I, which has been erected on the site where the liberals had proposed to build a day-care center. At the ceremony Diederich, as the "spiritual creator" of the monument, is entrusted with the festival oration. In his address, a compound of bombast and patriotic clichés, he thunders against the French under Napoleon III, blaming their defeat on materialism, chauvinism, and the glorification of empty power, a description which, from Heinrich Mann's ironic standpoint, precisely fits the Germany of Wilhelm II.

The rise of Diederich and the decline of the Buck family are symptoms of the change which has transformed Germany in the course of a century from a land of poets and thinkers into the autocratic military-industrial state it became between 1890 and 1914. Heinrich Mann was able to concentrate the patterns of this change within the framework of an average small town, and to trace them in the interconnections of business and politics, the ministry and the military, the press and the law.

Nor did he neglect the part played by personal traits and family interests in the shaping of public affairs. If Diederich is a representative figure, it is not only because his thinking matches that of the Kaiser but because he is a perennial type, a product of the tendencies of the age acting upon the soft substance of servility and opportunism. Though satirically drawn, Diederich is an amalgam of contradictory qualities which give him a surprising density and complexity. The basic constituent of his nature is a bullying cowardice, a sneaking sense of inferiority which, when the crowd is on his side, manifests itself in truculent superiority. His brutality and egotism are not softened but strengthened by a vein of sentimentality which permits him to justify himself to his conscience as a victim of circumstances. He is an effective orator and, to his own amazement, often finds himself prompted, at moments of crisis, to utter the very opposite of what prudence and fear would dictate, though he is in fact simply saying publicly what the more discreet are thinking privately. At such exalted moments, where personal ambition coincides with the spirit of the time, he becomes the unconscious mouthpiece, as it were, of the national will.

If in the narrative density, the intricate interweaving of motives, and the handling of time the author reveals his indebtedness to Flaubert, he does not share the French writer's pessimism. On the contrary, the sensuous immediacy, the moral incisiveness and, above all, the comic ebullience with which a gallery of idiosyncratic characters is placed before our eyes attest to Heinrich Mann's passionate participation in the events he describes. The novel was published in English in 1921 under the title of *The Patrioteer*, and again in 1945 as *Little Superman*. (A corrected British edition, called *Man of Straw*, came out in 1947.) Such attempts to provide a spurious relevance through renaming are a mistake. For it is the inherent incompatibility of the subject-ruler relationship with a democratic attitude that the work is designed to expose.

In 1975, the centenary of Thomas Mann's birth was celebrated in Europe and America. It is not to detract from the distinction of the younger brother to recall the accomplishments of the elder, who upheld the flame of humanity and reason through dark periods of his country's history, and whom Thomas Mann himself pronounced to be "one of the greatest writers in the German language." □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The 1977-78 season has begun, as far as I am concerned, with French fare. And it has been good. At the Broadway Circle in the Square there is an entirely pleasant production of Molière's *Tartuffe*, in Richard Wilbur's brilliant translation. Far Off-Broadway at the Towson State University, Towson, Md., there has been a production of Eugene Ionesco's latest (1975-76) play, *Man with Bags*, admirably adapted for the American stage by Israel Horovitz.

Tartuffe has a most interesting history. It is hard to say in exactly what frame of mind it was first received at its private performance in 1664 and in the public one in 1667. Was it taken to be the wonderful and very nearly perfect comedy it so patently is, or was there a more somber note in its reception? A religious faction, supported perhaps by Mme. de Maintenon, Louis XIV's last wife, had it suppressed because it mocked the hypocrisy of severe piety, after which Molière, to mollify the hounds, played still another trick and had Tartuffe punished by the King so that everyone was assured that religious fanaticism was not to be ascribed to His Majesty's court (which had indeed become bigoted) and that Tartuffe was a rare exception to the temper of the times.

I have seen the play in France acted as if it were a grave document. Or so it seemed, when as Louis Jouvet put it, the Comédie Française produced Molière as though he were dead! Jouvet himself once portrayed Tartuffe as a person almost justified in his machinations against the silly religiosity of the home into which he had been invited. The actor-director, Roger Planchon, in turn suggested that Orgon, the wealthy bourgeois who had picked up the beggarly Tartuffe, allowed himself to be totally hoodwinked by the imposter because he (Orgon) was homosexually attracted to him. When objections were made to such interpretations or, as many averred, distortions, Jouvet countered with, "Do you have Molière's telephone number?"

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The play is a classic comedy, or perhaps farce, with all the possible changes rung on the situation in a fashion that even in the 17th century was familiar to the audiences. Today we might call it hokum. But the genius of Molière makes its hokum serve our delight. For the very fact that from the beginning we are in on the joke, instead of spoiling the fun, adds to it. It is the author's dramatic guile—the swift and incisive traits in his portraitures, his sovereign pleasure in the game, his common sense, the dance of his dialogue which darts and swirls, his scenic joy—which makes *Tartuffe* so consummate an entertainment and a masterpiece.

The production at the Circle in the Square, directed by Stephen Porter, is more or less traditional in the sense that it depends largely on speech, that is, on the play's verbal vigor, its spring, dash, fluency. (There is, however, one contemporary American bit of action in the scene of the attempted sexual possession by Tartuffe of Elmire, Orgon's wife. Original I believe with Porter, it is hilariously effective.) As a traditional production this *Tartuffe* is very well done by a most engaging company in Zack Brown's properly designed setting and fitting costumes. Each of the players fills the bill with dispatch and in the right key, while several are outstandingly gratifying.

John Wood uses his voice in a special sonority; his lank body with its large, lean face which lend his acting here an exhilaratingly nervous and quasi-demonic verve keeps the total picture in just the right balance. Tammy Grimes's Elmire is champagne dry, unerringly crisp, unsparingly witty.

Ionesco speaks of *Man with Bags* as an essay in "dream" theatre. But all his plays may be so described. Here the "dream" proliferates in a mostly comic chain of images, some more bizarre or weird than others, but virtually all of them readily decipherable. Their helter-skelter mixture makes the spectacle arresting and sportive. It is all sound showmanship and surprisingly jocund. It needs no exegesis on the aesthetics of the "absurdist" canon.

The play is a reflection of the author's personality. He always looks strikingly gloomy while he says funny things. A vein of melancholy is forever present, and a kind of terror. The imminence of death is a shadow which haunts him: he regards it as a sort of cheat. But the surface of his plays—especially this one—is indeed lively and fantastically colorful.

Yet in the intermission, I turned to my neighbor (a reviewer) and murmured tongue in cheek, "Too realistic." For the play's topsy-turvy images are clearly based on everyone's everyday experiences and on our ordinary interpretations of them. They deal with the cruelty of the conformist society, with the chaos of city streets and the evidence that in our technological civilization very few of its appurtenances, when not altogether destructive, rarely work and aid us. Much of this resembles a sophisticated version of W.C. Fields's sketches. In the awry universe of that famous clown, we divest ourselves of depression; in Ionesco there is a lingering sense of inner disturbance, of the ominous. It is all so relevant as to have become rather commonplace.

For this reason in France now that Ionesco has become a member of the Academy and has been produced at the national theatre, there is a tendency, particularly among those of leftist inclination, to speak of him as a "boulevard" (commercial) playwright. This is unjust. Still there is something in Ionesco's pessimism which is slightly infantile. He is a terrified child; his toys are a means to turn off his terror. But because they are often delightfully ingenious and his terror genuine, I cannot but find them sympathetic. He fashions his playthings with humor and skill and what frightens him is real enough: it is nothing less than the ruin of our world. Only, and this is my chief reservation on this score, by this time one should not merely have recognized the all-too-evident peril but should take a further step—not to a utopian "remedy" or to madcap despair or resignation. Just the same, it is reassuring to know that Ionesco wants to live and, like his alter ego in *Exit the King*, would, if he could, celebrate life. *Man with Bags* ends just before its memorable "fade-out" with the telling lines: "I'll dream when I'm awake. . . . I'll never waste my dreams by falling asleep. Never again. . . . That's a fact."

The production, directed by Paul Berman, head of the Department of Theatre Arts at Towson University, is especially praiseworthy. Settings, costumes, lighting are all imaginative and stimulating. The company, composed in the main of Equity members, some of them previously students at the university, is right on the mark. Special mention is due Dwight Schultz as the "First Man," the play's central figure, an extraordinarily taxing role.

It is professionally worth remark that this unusually elaborate Towson production cost around $25,000; in New York, on Broadway or off, its cost would no doubt exceed $125,000. □

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When the light is dying, and there are hours to go before the night brilliance of the first jazz set in some warming room, there are certain singers and certain songs that fill with special grace what George Frazier called the crepuscular hour. Singers like Lee Wiley who sang as if in conversation, her husky intimacy made elusively erotic by her sinuous beat and the way she played with silences. Another was Linda Keene who also never jarred the air and seemed to have distilled her memories and desires in a hundred years of solitude.

In Boston, nearly thirty years ago, another singer for twilight began to take form. She looked as if she lived in Louisburg Square. A crisp Brahmin trying to shed enough of the reserve of her kind to swing, however gently. Clearly, she had heard Lee Wiley, but she was trying to find her own cadences, her own space in the music. Though her presence was still tentative, she began to intrigue a number of musicians, particularly Johnny Windhurst, a young trumpet player so lyrical that he had to invent a *macho* self off the stand. Johnny knew tender tunes most others had forgotten, and from him this patient, reflective singer first heard about the songs of Willard Robison.

I lost track of her for a long time until I heard her on a public radio series intended to illuminate aurally Alec Wilder's essential book, *American Popular Song*. The segment dealt with the almost forgotten Robison; and now there is an album, *The Devil Is Afraid of Music/Barbara Lea* (Audiophile) which ought to do small wonders for Barbara Lea and for the reputation of Robison.

Barbara has found her musical space. The phrasing is now easily personal. Thoughtful, sometimes grave, often lightly touched with wit so secure it doesn't have to advertise itself. Her sound is also secure—warm, soft and clear. She is comfortable with herself. And with time. Her beat is as natural as a spring breeze. It could be said that her work is small-scale, for there are no daring flights of virtuosity or sudden emotional explosions. Yet, as I noted, Barbara is for the crepuscular hour, when the need is for gentling sounds. And in that role, there are few left in her class.

Through the years, Barbara has become an expert on Willard Robison, who was her friend. Some remember him for *Old Folks* and *A Cottage for Sale* (both on this album); but the one-time leader of the Deep River Orchestra was a composer who merits recognition for much more.

As Barbara Lea writes in the notes to this set, "In the quintessential Robison writing, such as *Round My Old Deserted Farm* or *Guess I'll Go Back Home This Summer* under a melody which is often sinuous and chromatic, the harmonies are not conceived vertically but horizontally. The effect is of a number of strands which flow along together, making a closely woven texture like the many currents of a river. The harmonies formed by the uniting of these currents are very rich and original, without ever being harsh; and they will frequently change with every quarter-note."

A singer with that depth of understanding of a composer is likely to provide the definitive recording of some of his most characteristic and challenging songs. And so Barbara has done. One I can't get out of my mind is the 1926 *Lonely Acres*, a dreamlike, slowly winding song of going home. Its long-breathing notes and almost static theme could easily sound like a dirge, but Barbara makes it majestic in a way that is idiomatically only American.

Alec Wilder, who rather slighted Robison in *American Popular Song*, now thinks differently. In his notes to this Barbara Lea set, Wilder admits "Willard was a larger talent than I had realized," adding that "Willard was the very thing that has always astounded me about John Mercer: the way he evoked the American landscape, the American small town, the American regional speech. It was as American as you can get."

And Johnny Mercer—whose songs Barbara Lea ought to record next—was an enthusiast of Robison's music, as was Mildred Bailey. Which reminds me that in the very young Barbara Lea, I also heard some Bailey. But that has been transmuted too. Barbara has become her own, uniquely valuable woman. Willard would surely have enjoyed her growth in his work. (Audiophile, by the way, is at 3008 Wadsworth Mill Place, Decatur, Ga. 30032.) □

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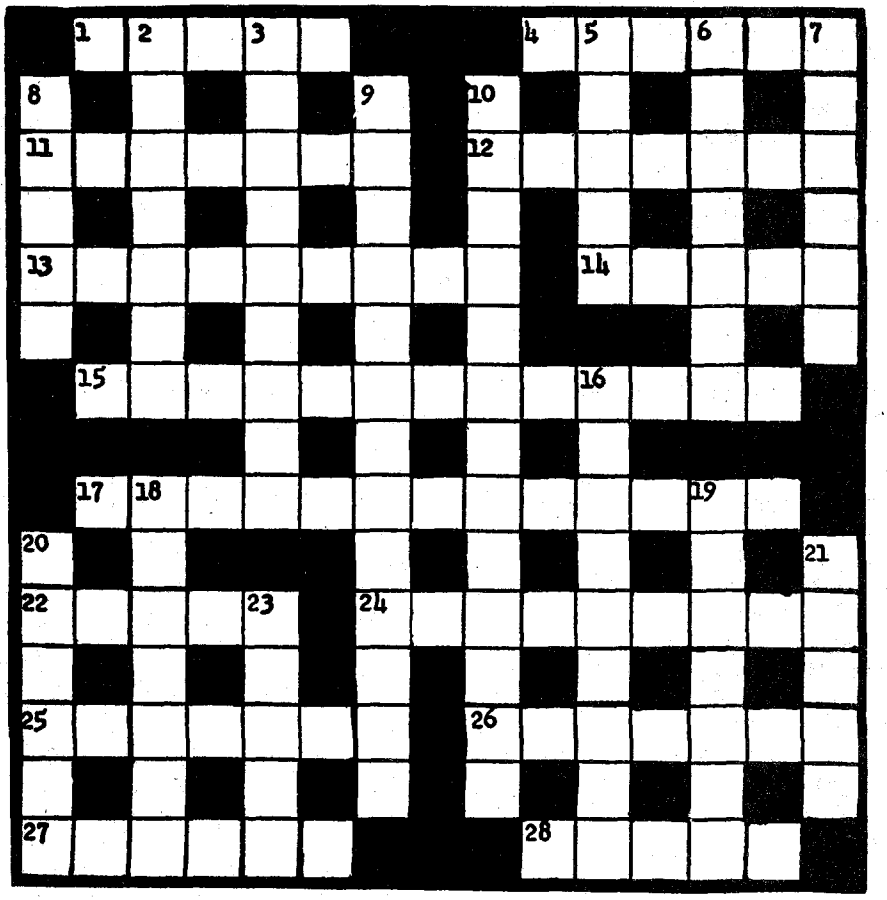

ACROSS

1 See 7 down
4 Is such a disturbance, when asleep, likely to call for a polite but firm rejoinder? (6)
11 Take the plunge and look to mother to show a degree of learning with it. (7)
12 One might fall back to do it when Roger is out of sorts on getting up. (7)
13 Such a word puzzle here looked this way with seers pointing to each other. (9)
14 With the capital of England finally, you would have a logical place to look for such money. (5)
15 How dress designers might be going in pursuit, more or less. (5,1,7)
17 One supposedly did in the old days by going to the best finishing schools. (Olive might be associated with such.) (8,5)
22 Old city bar which we might associate with renewal. (5)
24 A crossing over which might better be making a short cut? (9)
25 When it comes to energy, one might, in short. (It's quite destructive.) (7)
26 Past, and still to come? Bill might be so marked. (7)
27 That crazy Margaret? One in New Haven lives in such a state! (6)
28 Perhaps a leading man in "The House That Fell." (5)

DOWN

2 Tears away—or steals away, in modern parlance. (4,3)
3 The head of 10 might be expected to have one. (9)
5 and 20 It might be eaten, but the short-sleeved crowd would never have it. . . . (3,2,6)
6 . . . and one might make a vocation do without getting into confusion with something else to eat. (7)
7 and 1 across Look forward to a way to speak of what some men did when using tobacco. (11)
8 Perhaps cited as a public order. (5)
9 One of these might otherwise be termed buggy. (4,9)
10 Has each one said he or she does? (5,3,5)
16 The man with such as 1700 Penn. Ave., and a covering on top? (9)
18 Get a taxi and tear madly to it—it's an entertaining place. (7)
19 Digits act as a pair of revolvers when one does. (7)
20 See 5 down
21 Go up to a spot possibly associated with Daniel in Utah. (5)
23 The sound of one in the proboscis, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1695

ACROSS: 1 Midatlantic; 9 Supports; 10 Gratis; 11 Snarled; 12 Firemen; 14 Straws; 15 Edgewise; 17 Abetters; 22 Stencil; 24 Credits; 26 Potato; 27 Elegance; 28 Take by storm. DOWN: 3 Airless; 4, 7 and 13 Last but not least; 5 Nagging; 6 Irate; 8 Vipers; 16 World Fair; 18 Button; 19 Epitome; 20 Perfect; 21 Optics; 23 Nyasa; 25, 2 and 20 across Very Important Person.

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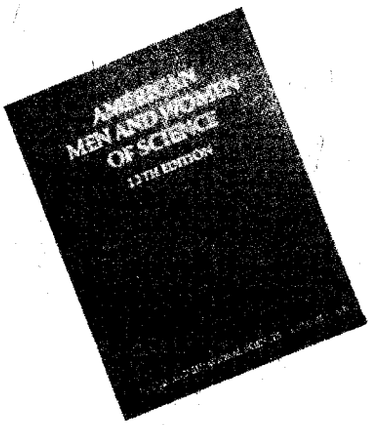

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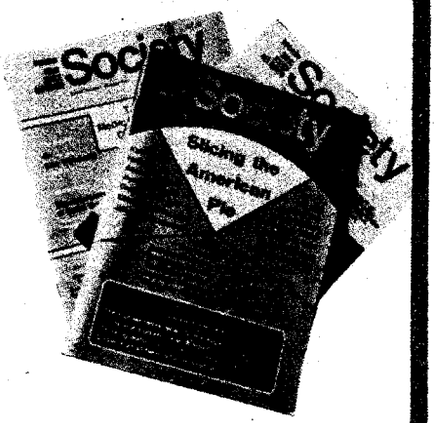

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